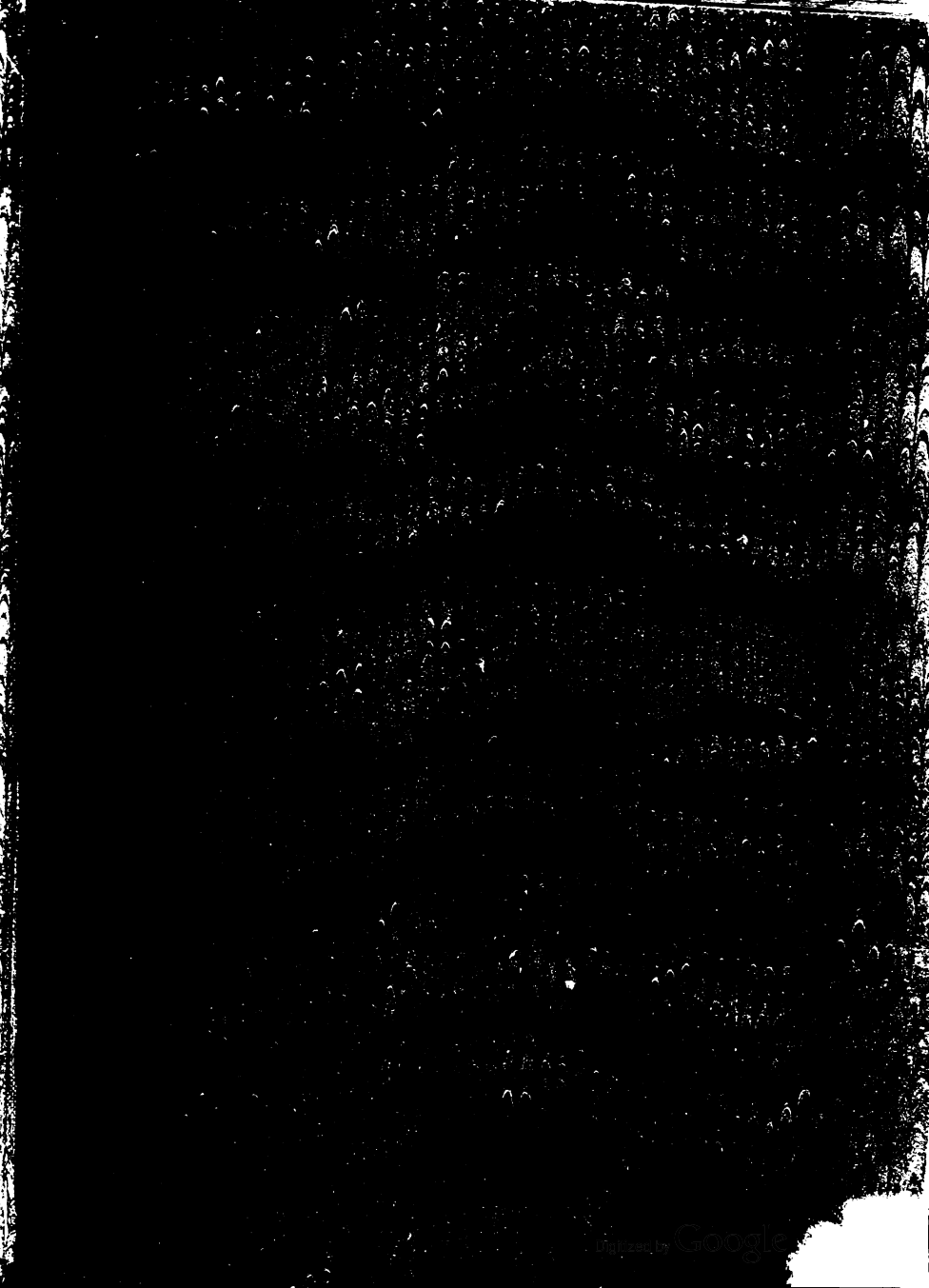
Digitized by Google



Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

11523 c. 29

Digitized by Google

# DIVINE FANCIES:

Digested into

# EPIGRAMMES, MEDITATIONS, AND OBSERVATIONS.

By FRA: QVARLES.

LONDON,
Printed by M. F. for IOHN MARRIOT,
and are to be sold at his Shop in St. *Dunstanes* Church-yard in *Fleet-street*.
1632.

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

TO

# THE ROYALL BVDDE OF MAIESTIE,

and *Center* of all our Hopes and Happineſſe, CHARLES, *Prince* of Great BRITAINE, *France* and *Ireland*, *SONNE* and *HEYRE* Apparant to the *High* and *Mighty* CHARLES, by the *Grace* of God, *King* of Great BRITAINE, FRANCE, and IRELAND, *&c.*

*Illuſtrious Infant*;

GIve mee leave to acknowledge my ſelfe thy *Servant*, ere thou knowſt thy Selfe my *Prince*: My *Zeale* burnes me, and my *deſires* are impatient:



Digitized by Google

patient: My breeding *Muſe* longs for *greene Fruit*, and cannot ſtay thy *ripeneſſe*: Sweet *Babe*; The loyalty of my Service makes bold to conſecrate theſe early Leaves to thy ſacred *Infancie*, not knowing how to glorifie themſelves, more, then by the Patronage of ſuch Princely *Innocencie*. Modell of Sweetneſſe, Let thy buſie Fingers entertaine this ſlender Preſent, and let thy harmeleſſe Smiles crowne it: When thy Infancie hath crackt the *Shell*, let thy Childhood taſt the *Kernell*; In the meane while, let thy little hands and Eyes peruſe it: Lugge it in thy tender Armes, and lay thy burthen at thy Royall *Parents* feet; for whoſe ſake, it may gaine ſome honor from their glorious *Eyes*. Heaven bleſſe thy Youth with *Grace*, and crowne thy

Digitized by Google

thy Age with *Glorie*: Angels conduct thee from the *Cradle*, to the *Crowne*: Let the *Englisſh Roſe* and the *French Lilly* flouriſh in thy lovely *Cheeke*: And let their united *Colours* preſage an everlaſting *League*. Let the eminent Qualities of both thy renowned *Grand-fathers* meet in thy Princely Heart; that thou mayſt, in *Peace*, be honourable; and in *Warre*, victorious. And let the great addition of thy Royall Parents *Vertues* make thee up a moſt incomparable *Prince*, the firme *Pillar* of our Happines, and the future *Object* of the VVorlds wonder

*Expected, and prayd for*

*by*

Your *Highneſſes* moſt Loyall
*and humble Servant*,

FRA: QVARLES.

Digitized by Google

IC XR 66

Digitized by Google

TO

# THE RIGHT HONOV-

rable and truely vertuous Lady,
MARY *Counteſſe* of *Dorſet*, Governeſſe to
that Royall *Infant*, CHARLES, *Prince* of
Great BRITAINE, *France*, and *Ireland*,
*the Mirror of un-ſtained*
HONOVR.

Moſt excellent LADY,

YOV *are that* Starre, *which ſtands over the place, where the* Babe *lyes; By whoſe direction light, I am come from the* Eaſt, *to preſent my* Myrrh, *and* Frankinſenſe *to the* yong Child:

*A* *Let*

Digitized by Google

*Let not our Royall* IOSEPH, *nor his Princely* MARY *be affrayd; there are no* Herods *here; We have all ſeene his* Starre *in the Eaſt, and have rejoyced: Our loyall hearts are full; for our eyes have ſeene him, in whom our Poſterity ſhall bee bleſſed: To him,* moſt honorable Lady, *I addreſſe my thoughts; To* Him, *I preſume to conſecrate theſe Lines; which, ſince it hath pleaſed our gracious Soveraigne to appoint you the* Governeſſe *of his Royall* Infancy, *I have made bold to preſent, firſt, to your noble hands; not daring, in my very thoughts, to diſjoyne, whom his Sacred Maieſtie, in ſo great wiſedome, hath put together; or to conſider ſeverally, where his Highneſſe hath made ſo inviolable a Relation.* Madam, *May your* Honors *increaſe with your howers, and let eternall Glory crowne your* Vertues;

*that*

Digitized by Google

*that when this* Age *ſhall ſleep in Duſt,* *our* Children, *yet unborne, may honor your glorious Memory, under the happineſſe of his Government, whoſe* Gouerneſſe *you are; which ſhall be daily the Subiect of his Prayers, who is*

The ſworne-Servant of your
Ladiſhips Perfections,

FRA: QVARLES.



Digitized by Google

10 12 66

Digitized by Google

# To the Readers.

Eaders, I will not (like One that knowes the ſtrength of his own *Muſe*) commit *Rape* upon your *Vnderſtandings*, nor rayle at your *Ignorances*, if our Wits iumpe not: I have written at my own perill; underſtand you at your owne pleaſures: I have not ſo little *Man* in me, as to want my faults; nor ſo much *Foole* in me as to thinke it; nor ſo little *Modeſty*, as to ſweare it; nor ſo much *Childe* in me as to whine at *Zoilus*: My requeſt is, That the faultles hand may caſt the firſt *ſtone*, So although I cannot avoyd the common Lot of man, *Error*; I may eſcape the puniſhment of the Common Man, *Cenſure*.

I heere preſent thee with a *Hive of Bees*, laden, ſome with *Wax*, and ſome with *Honey*: Feare not to approach; There are no *Waſpes*; there are no *Hornets*, here: If ſome wanton *Bee* ſhould chance to buzze about thine eares, ſtand thy Ground, and hold thy



Digitized by Google

hands: There's none will ſting thee, if thou ſtrike not firſt: If any doe; ſhe hath Honey in her *Bagge*, will cure thee too: In playner tearmes, I preſent thee with a Booke of *Fancies*; Among which, as I have none to boaſt of; ſo (I hope) I ſhall have none to bluſh at. All cannot affect all: If ſome pleaſe all; or all, ſome, 'tis more then I expect; I had once thought to have melted the Title, and caſt it into ſeverall Bookes, and have lodg'd *Obſervations*, *Meditations*, and *Epigrams* by themſelves; but new thoughts have taken place: I have required no helpe of Herauld, either to place, or to proclaime them. *Cards*, well ſhuffled, are moſt fit for *Gameſters*; And oftentimes, the paſtime of *Diſcovery* adds pleaſure to the *Enioyment*: The Generous *Faulkner* had rather retrive his *Partridge* in the open Feilds, then meet her in his coverd Diſh. Only this: when you read a *Meditation*, let me entreate thee to forget an *Epigramme*.

*Fare-well.*

*A D*

Digitized by Google

# AD LECTORES VTRIVSQ; GENERIS.

Candide, *si mala sint nostra inter carmina, parce;*
*Et bona si quæ sint,* Zoile, *parco tibi.*

Digitized by Google

10 .P66

## To GOD.

*GLorious and Great; whose power did divide*
*The* Waves, *and made them* Walls *on either side;*
*That didst appeare in* Cloven-tongues of Fyre;
*Divide my Thoughts: and, with thy selfe, inspire*
*My Soule; O cleave my* Tongue, *and make it scatter*
*Various* Expressions *in a various* Matter;
*That, like the painfull* Bee, *I may derive*
*From sundry* Flow'rs, *to store my slender* Hive:
Yet, may my Thoughts *not so divided be,*
*But they may mixe againe, and fixe in* Thee.

DIVINE

Digitized by Google

# DIVINE FANCIES:

Digested into

## EPIGRAMMES, MEDITATIONS, AND OBSERVATIONS.

### I.

### *On the Musique of Organs.*

OBserve this *Organ*: Marke but how it goes:
'Tis not the hand of him alone, that blowes
The vnseene *Bellowes*; nor the Hand that playes
Vpon th'apparent note-diuiding *Kayes*,



Digitized by Google

That makes these wel-composed *Ayres* appeare
Before the high *Tribunall* of thine eare:
They both concurre: Ech acts his severall part:
Th'one gives it *Breath*; the other lends it *Art*.
*Man* is this Organ: To whose every action
Heav'n gives a *Breath* (a Breath without *coaction*)
Without which *Blast* we cannot act at all;
Without which Breath, the *Vniverse* must fall
To the first *Nothing* it was made of: seeing
In *Him* we *live*, we *move*, we have our *Being*:
Thus fill'd with his Diviner *Breath*, and back't
With his first *powre* we touch the *Kayes* and act:
He blowes the *Bellowes*: As we thrive in skill,
Our *Actions* prove like Musicke, *Good* or *Ill*.

2.

*On the contingencie of Actions.*

I Saw him dead; I saw his Body fall
Before Deaths *Dart*; whom tears must not recall:
Yet is he not so dead, but that his *Day*
Might have been lengthen'd, had th'untrodden way
To life beene found: He might have rose agin,
If *something* had, or *somthing* had not bin:
What mine sees past, Heav'ns eye foresaw to come;
He saw, how that *contingent* Act should summe
The totall of his Dayes: His knowing Eye
(As mine doth see him dead) saw he should die
That very fatall howre; yet saw his death,
Not so so necessary, but his Breath

Might

Digitized by Google

Might beene enlarg'd unto a longer date,
Had he neglected *This*, or taken *That*:
All times to Heav'n are *now*, both first and last;
He sees things *present*, as we see them *past*.

3

*On the Sacraments.*

THe *Loaves of Bread* were five; the *Fishes*, two,
Whereof the Multitude was made partaker.
Who made the *Fishes*? God: But tell me, who
Gave being to the *Loaues* of Bread? the *Baker*:
Ev'n so these Sacraments, which some call seaven,
Five were ordain'd by *Man*, and two, by *Heaven*.

4

*On the Infancie of our Saviour.*

HAyle blessed *Virgin*, full of heavenly *Grace*,
Blest above all that sprang from humane race;
Whose Heav'n-saluted *Womb* brought forth in *One*,
A blessed *Saviour*, and a blessed *Son*:
O! what a ravishment t'had beene, to see
Thy little *Saviour* perking on thy *Knee*!
To see him nuzzle in thy *Virgin* Brest!
His milke white body all unclad, undrest;
To see thy busie Fingers cloathe and wrappe
His spradling Limbs in thy indulgent *Lappe*!
To see his desprate *Eyes*, with Childish grace,
Smiling upon his smiling Mothers face!



Digitized by Google

And, when his forward ſtrength began to bloome,
To ſee him *diddle* vp and downe the Roome!
O, who would thinke, ſo ſweet a *Babe* as this,
Should ere be ſlaine by a falſe-hearted *kiſſe*!
Had I a *Ragge*, if ſure thy Body wore it,
Pardon ſweet *Babe*, I thinke I ſhould adore it,
Till then, O grant this Boone, (a boone far dearer)
The *Weed* not being, I may adore the *Wearer*.

5

*On* Iudas Iſcariot.

WE raile at *Iudas*, him that did betray
The *Lord* of life; yet doe it *day* by *day*.

6.

*On the life and death of Man.*

THe World's a *Theater*; The Earth, a *Stage*
Plac'd in the midſt; wheron both *Prince* & *Page*,
Both *rich* and *poore*; *foole*, *wiſeman*; *baſe*, and *high*;
All act their *Parts* in Lifes ſhort *Tragedy*:
Our Life's a *Tragedy*: Thoſe ſecret *Roomes*
Wherein we tyre us, are our Mothers *Wombes*;
The *Muſicke* vſh'ring in the *Play*, is Mirth
To ſee a *Manchild* brought upon the Earth:
That fainting gaſpe of *Breath* which firſt we vent
Is a *Dumb-Shew*, preſents the *Argument*:
Our new-born *Cries* that new-born *Griefes* bewray,
Is the ſad *Prologue* of th'enſuing *Play*:

Falſe

Digitized by Google

False *hopes*, true *feares*, vaine *ioyes*, and fierce *distracts*
Are like the *Musicke* that divides the *Acts*:
*Time* holds the *Glasse*, and when the *Hour's* out-run,
*Death* strikes the *Epilogue*; and the *Play* is done.

7

*On the Seaven liberall Sciences of a Christian.*

*Grammer.*

IT is an *Art*, that teaches not t'excell
In Writing, Speaking, as in *Doing well.*

*Logicke.*

IT is an *Art* sometimes of *Plotting treason*
Against the *Crowne* and *Dignity* of *Reason.*

*Rhethoricke.*

IT is an *Art*, whereby he learnes t'encrease
His knowledge of the time, to *Hold* his *peace.*

*Arithmeticke.*

IT is an *Art*, that makes him apt to raise
And number out Gods *Blessings*, and his *Dayes.*

*Musicke.*

IT is a potent *Science*, that infringes (*hinges.*
Strong *Prison* dores; and heaves them from their



Digitized by Google

*Astronomie.*

IT is an *Art* of taking out the *Lead*
From his dull *Browes*, and lifting up the *Head.*

*Geometrie.*

IT is an Art, instructs him how to have
The World in scorne, and measure out his Grave.

8

*Christs foure houses.*

HIs first house was the blessed Virgins *Wombe*;
The next, a *Cratch*; the third, a *Cross*; the fourth (a *Tombe.*

9

*Of Light and Heate.*

MArk but the Sun-beames, when they shine most (bright,
They lend this lower world both heat & light:
They both are Children of the selfe same Mother,
*Twinnes*; not subsisting one without the other;
They both conspire unto the *Common good*,
When, in their proper places, understood:
Is't not rebellion against *Sense* to say,
*Light* helps to quicken: Or, the *Beames* of day
May lend a *Heat*, and yet no *Light* at all?
'Tis true, some obvious *Shade* may chance to fall
Vpon the quickned *Plant*, yet not so great;
To quench the operation of the *Heate*:

The

Digitized by Google

The *Heate* cannot be parted from the *Light*,
Nor yet the *Light* from *Heate*; They neither might
Be mingled in the *Act*, nor found asunder:
Distinguish now fond man; or stay and wonder:
Know then;
Their vertues differ though themselves agree;
*Heat* vivifyes; *Light* gives man powre to see
The thing so vivifyed: No *Light*, no *Heate*;
And where the *heat's* but small the *light's* not great:
They are inseparable, and sworne *Lovers*,
Yet differing thus; *That* quickens; *This* discovers:
Within these lines a sacred Myst'ry lurkes:
The *Heat* resembles *Faith*: the *Light*, *Good-workes*.

## 10

### *On* Iudas Iscariot.

SOme curse that traytour *Iudas* life and lim;
God knows, some curse thēselves, in cursing him.

## 11

### *On the possession of the Swine.*

WHen as our blessed *Saviour* did un-devill
The Man possest, the Spirits in conclusion,
Entred the *Swine* (being active still in evill)
And drove them headlong to their owne confusion.
*Drunkards*, beware, and be advised then,
They'l find you as y'are *Swine*; if not, as *Men*.



Digitized by Google

12

*On a Sun-Dyall.*

THis Horizontall *Dyall* can bewray
To the ſad *Pilgrim*, th'hower of the *Day*:
But if the *Sun* appeare not his Adviſer,
His eye may looke, yet he prove ne're the wiſer:
Alas, alas; there's nothing can appeare,
But onely *Types*, and ſhadow'd *Figures* there:
This Dyall is the *Scripture*; and the Sun,
Gods holy *Spirit*; *Wee*, the Lookers on:
Alas, that ſacred *Letter*, which we read,
Without the *Quickning* of the *Spirit's* dead:
The knowledge of our *Peace* improves no better,
Then if our Eye had not beheld a Letter:
I, but this glorious *Sun* ſhines alwayes bright:
I, but we often ſtand in our owne light:
Vſe then the day, for when the day is gon,
There will be *darkenes*: there will be no Sun.

13

*On the three Chriſtian Graces.*

*Faith.*

IT is a *Grace*, that teaches to deprave not
The *Goods* we have; To *have* the *goods* we have not.

*Hope.*

IT is a *Grace*, that keeps th'Amighty blameleſſe,
In long delay: And men (in begging) ſhameleſſe.

*Chari-*

Digitized by Google

*Charitie.*

IT is a *Grace*, or Art to get a Living
By selling Land; and to grow rich, by giving.

14

*On a Feast.*

THe *Lord* of Heav'n and Earth ha's made a *Feast*,
And ev'ry *Soule* is an invited Guest:
The *Word's* the Food; the *Levits* are the Cookes;
The Fathers Writings are their *Dyet-Bookes*;
But seldome us'd; for 'tis a fashion growne,
To recommend made *Dishes* of their owne: (*broyle*,
What they should *boyle*, they *bake*; what *roast*, they
Their lushious *Sallats* are too sweet with *Oyle*:
In briefe, 'tis now a dayes too great a fault,
Th'ave too much *Pepper*, and too little *Salt*.

15

*On Dives.*

THat drop-requesting *Dives* did desire
His Brothers might have warning of that *Fire*,
Whose flames he felt: Could he, a Fiend, wish well
To Man? What, is there Charity in Hell?
Each Soule that's damned is a *Brand* of fire,
To make Hell so much hotter; And the nigher
In blood or love they be, that are tormented,
The more their paines & torments are augmented:



Digitized by Google

No wonder then, if *Dives* did desire,
His Brothers might have warning of that Fire:

16

*On outward shew.*

IVdge not that *Feild*, because 'tis Stubble,
Nor Him that's poore, and full of trouble:
Though t'one looke bare; the tother thin;
Iudge not; Their *Treasure* is within.

17

*On the reading of the Scriptures.*

IN reading of the Sacred *Writt*, beware,
Thou climbe no *Stile*, when as a *Gapp* stands faire.

18

*On the life of Man.*

OVr Life's the *Modell* of a Winters Day;
Our Soule's the *Sun*, whose faint and feeble *Ray*
Gives our Earth light; a *light* but weak, at strongest,
But low, at highest; very short, at longest;
The childish Teares, that from our eyes doe passe,
Is like the *Dew* that pearls the morning grasse:
When as our *Sun* is but an hower high,
We goe to *Schoole*, to learne; are whip't, and cry:
We truant up and downe; we make a spoyle
Of precious *Time*, and sport in our owne Toyle:

Our

Digitized by Google

Our Bed's the quiet *Graue*; wherein we lay
Our weary Bodyes, tyred with the Day:
The early *Trumpet*, like the Morning Bell,
Calls to account; where they that have learnd well
Shall find *Reward*; And such as have mis-spent
Their Time, shall reape an earned *punishment*:
No wonder, then, to see the *Sluggards* eyes,
So loath to goe to Bed; so loth to rise.

19

*On the Crowing of a Cocke.*

THe Crowing of a *Cocke* doth oft foreshow
A change of Weather: *Peter* found it so:
The *Cocke* no sooner crew, but by and by
He found a *Change* of *weather* in his Eye:
T's an easie thing to say, and to sweare too,
Wee'l dye for *Christ*; but tis as hard to doe.

20

*On Mammon.*

MAmmon's growne rich: Does *Mammon* boast of (that?
The Stalled *Oxe*, as well may boast, Hee's fat.

21

*On Church-contemners.*

THose *Church-contemners*, that can easly waigh
The profit of a *Sermon* with a *Play*;



Digitized by Google

Whose testy stomacks can digest, as well,
A profer'd Iniury, as a *Sermon*-bell;
That say vnwonted *Pray'rs*, with the like wills,
As queazy Patients take their loathed *Pills*:
To what extremity would they be driven,
If God, in Iudgement, shold but give them Heauen.

22

*On Morus.*

HE is no *Flemming*; For he cannot *swill*:
No *Roman*; for his stomacke's *fleshly* still:
He cannot be a Iew; he was *baptiz'd*:
Nor yet a Gentile; he was *circumciz'd*:
He is no *True man*; for he *lyes* a trot:
*Prophane* he is not; for he *sweares* ye not:
What is he then? One Feast without a *Bill*
Shall make him all; or which of all yee will.

23

*On the Hypocrite.*

NO mans condition is so base as his;
None more accurs'd: For *Man* esteemes
Him hatefull, cause he seemes not what hee is:
*God* hates him, 'cause he is not what he seemes;
What griefe is absent, or what mischiefe can
Be added to the hate of *God* and *Man*?

On

Digitized by Google

24.

*On a Pilgrime.*

THe weary *Pilgrime*, oft, doth aske, and know,
How farre hee's come; how far he has to goe:
His way is tedious, and his hart's oppprest,
And his desier is to be at *Rest*;
Our life's a *Wayfare*; yet fond Man delaies
T'enquier out the number of his *Daies*;
He cares not, Hee, how slow his howers spend;
His Iourney's better then his Iourneies end.

25

*On the Needle of a Sun-diall.*

BEhold this needle; when the *Arctick* stone
Hath toucht it, how it trembles vp and downe;
Hunts for the *Pole*; and cannot be possest,
Of peace, vntill it finde that poynt, that rest:
Such is the *heart* of Man; which, when it hath
Attayn'd the virtue of a lively faith,
It findes no rest on earth, makes no abode
In any Obiect, but his *heav'n*, his *God*.



Digitized by Google

26.

*On Affliction.*

WHen thou afflict'ſt me, Lord, if I repine,
I ſhow my ſelfe to be mine owne, not thine.

27

*On a Sun-dyall.*

GOe light a *Candle*: By that light, make tryall,
How the night ſpends it ſelfe, by the *Sun-dyall*:
Goe, ſearch the *Scripture*; Labour to encreaſe
In the diviner knowledge of thy *Peace*
By thy owne light, derived from thy mother:
Thou maiſt as eas'ly doe the one, as t'other.

28

*On* PETER.

WHen walking *Peter* was about to ſinck
Into the ſea, In what a caſe d'ye thinke,
H'ad bin; if he had truſted his complaint
To th'interceſſion of ſome helpfull *Saint?*
Beleeve it; if *Romes* doctrine had bin ſound,
And ſoundly ſollow'd, *Peter* had bin drown'd.

Fie,

Digitized by Google

29

*On Merits.*

FIe, Rome's abus'd: Can any be thought able
To merit heaven by *workes*? Tis a meere fable:
If so; stout *Rome* had never bin so faint
To move her suit by a Collaterall *Saint*.

30

*On* Servio.

*SErvio* serves God: *Servio* has bare relation
(Not to Gods *Glory*) but his owne *salvation*:
*Servio* serves God for life: *Servio*, tis well:
*Servio* may finde the cooler place in Hell.

31

*A Soliloquie.*

WHere shall I find my God! O where, O where
Shall I direct my steps, to finde him there?
Shall I make search in swelling Baggs of *Coyne*?
Ah no; For *God* and *Mammon* cannot ioyne:
Doe Beds of *Down* containe this heavenly stranger?
No no; Hee's rather cradled in some *Manger*:
Dwells he in wisedome? Is he gone that rode?
No no; Mans wisedome's foolishnes with God:
Or hath some new *Plantation*, yet vnkowne, (*Crown*?
Made him their *King*, and adorn'd him with their

No,

Digitized by Google

No, no, the kingdomes of the earth thinke ſcorne
T'adorne his Browes with any Crown but Thorn.
Wher ſhall I trace; or wher ſhal I goe winde him?
My Lord is gone; and O! I cannot finde him:
Ile ranſack the dark *Dungeons:* Ile enquire
Into the *Furnace*, after the ſev'nth fire:
Ile ſeeke in *Daniels Den*, and in *Pauls* priſon;
Ile ſearch his *Grave*, and ſee if he be riſen:
Ile goe to th'houſe of *mourning*; and Ile call
At every Almes-abuſed *Hoſpitall:*
Ile goe and ask the *widow*, tha'ts oppreſt;
The heavy laden, that enquiers reſt:
Ile ſearch the Corners of all broken *hearts*;
The wounded *Conſcience*, and the *ſoule* that *ſmarts*;
The contrite *ſpirit* fill'd with filiall feare;
I, there he is; and no where elſe, but there:
Spare not to ſcourge thy pleaſure, O my God,
So I may finde thy *preſence*, with thy *Rod.*

## 32

### *On Daniel in the Den.*

FIerce *Lyons* roaring for their prey? and then
*Daniel* throwne in? And *Daniel* yet remaine
Alive? There was a *Lyon*, in the *Denne*,
Was *Daniels* friend, or *Daniel* had bin ſlaine:
Among ten thouſand *Lyons*, Ide not feare,
Had I but only *Daniels Lyon* there.



Digitized by Google

23

*On those that deserve it.*

O When our Clergie, at the dreadfull *Day*,
Shal make their Audit; when the *Iudge* shal say
Give your acompts: What, have my Lambs bin fed?
Say, doe they all stand sound? Is there none dead
By your defaults? come shephards, bring them forth
That I may crowne your labours in their worth:
O what an answer will be given by some,
We have bin silenc'd: Canons strucke vs dumbe;
The Great ones would not let vs feed thy flock,
Vnles we plai'd the fooles, and wore a Frock:
We were forbid vnles wee'd yeeld to signe
And crosse their browes, They say, *a mark of thine.*
To say the truth, great Iudg, they were not fed,
Lord, here they be; but, Lord, they be all dead:
Ah cruel Shepheards! Could your conscience serve
Not to be fooles, and yet to let them sterve?
What if your Fiery spirits had bin bound
To Antick Habits; or your heads bin crownd
With *Peacocks* Plumes; had yee bin forc'd to feed
Your Saviours dear-bought Flock in a fools weed;
He that was scorn'd, revil'd; endur'd the *Curse*
Of a base death, in your behalfs; nay worse,
Swallow'd the cup of wrath charg'd vp to th' *brim*,
Durst yee not stoope to play the fooles for him?



Digitized by Google

34

*Doe this and live.*

*Doe this and live?* Tis true, Great God; then who
Can hope for life? for who hath power to *Doe?*
Art thou not able? Is thy Task too great?
Canst thou desier help? Canst thou intreat
Aid from a stronger Arm? Canst thou conceive
Thy *Helper* strong enough? Canst thou *beleeve*,
The suffrings of thy dying Lord can give
Thy drooping shoulders rest? *Doe this and live.*

35

*On Ioseph and his Mistris.*

WHen as th'Egyptian *Lady* did invite
Wel-favor'd *Ioseph* to unchast delight,
How well the motion and the place agreed!
A beastly *Place*, and twas a beastly *Deed*:
A place well season'd for so foule a sin;
Too sweet to serve so foule a Master in.

36

*On Scriptum est.*

SOme words excell in virtue, and discover
A rare conclusion, thrice repeated over:
Our *Saviour* thrice was tempted: thrice repreſt
Th'assaulting *tempter* with thrice, SCRIPTVM EST:
If thou would'st keepe thy soule secure from harm,
Thou know'st the words: It is a potent *Charme.*

Digitized by Google How

37

*On the flouriſhing of the Goſpell.*

How doe our *Paſtures* flouriſh, and refreſh
Our uberous *Kine*, ſo faire, ſo full of fleſh!
How doe our thriving *Cattell* feed our young
With plenteous *Milk*; & with their *fleſh* the ſtrong!
Heav'n bleſt our *Charles*, and he did our late *Iames*,
From *Pharohs* troubles, and from *Pharohs Dreames*.

38

*On* Ioſeph's *Speech to his Brethren.*

Goe, fetch your *Brother* (ſaid th'Egyptian Lord)
If you intend our Garniers ſhall afford
Your craving wants their ſo deſir'd ſupplies;
If *He* come not, by *Pharoes* life, y'are *Spies*:
Ev'n as your Suits expect to find our Grace,
Bring *him*; or darenot to behold my face:
Some little food, to ſerve you on the way,
We here allow, but not to feed delay;
When you preſent your *Brother* to our Hand,
Ye ſhall have plenty, and poſſeſſe the Land;
Away; and let your quicke obedience give
The earneſt of your Faiths; Do this and live:
If not; your wilfull wants muſt want ſupply,
For ye are *Spies*, and ye ſhall ſurely dye:
Great God, th'Egyptian Lord reſembles *Thee*;
The Brother's *Ieſus*; and the Suitors *Wee*:


Digitized by Google

39

*Of common Devotion.*

OVr *God* and *Souldiers* we alike adore,
Ev'n at the Brink of danger; not before:
After deliverance, both alike requited;
Our *God's* forgotten, and our *Souldier's* ſlighted.

42

*On the Day of Iudgement.*

O When ſhal that *time* come, whẽ the loud *Trump*
Shall wake my ſleeping Aſhes from the Dump
Of their ſad *Vrne!* That bleſſed *Day*, wherein
My glorifi'd, my metamorphiz'd Skin
Shall circumplexe and terminate that freſh
And new refined ſubſtance of this fleſh!
When my tranſparent Fleſh, diſchargd frõ groanes,
And paynes, ſhall hang upon new poliſht *Bones!*
When as my Body ſhall re-entertaine
Her clenſed Soule, and never part againe!
When as my Soule ſhall, by a new Indenture,
Poſſeſſe her new-built *houſe*, come down and enter!
When as my Body and my Soule ſhall plight
Inviolable faith, and never fight
Nor wrangle more, nor altercate, agin,
About that ſtrife-begetting queſtion, *Sin!*
When Soule and Body ſhall receive their Doome
Of *O yee Bleſſed of my Father, Come!*
When *Death* ſhall be exil'd, and damn'd to dwell
Within her proper and true Center, *Hell!*

Where

Digitized by Google

Where that old *Tempter* ſhal be bound in Chaynes,
And over-whelm'd with everlaſting paynes;
Whilſt I ſhall ſit, and, in full Glory, ſing
Perpetuall *Anthems* to my *Iudge*, my *King*.

41

*On Death.*

WHy ſhould we not, as well, deſier *Death*,
As Sleep? No diffrence, but a little Breath:
'Tis all but *Reſt*; 'tis all but a Releaſing
Our tyred lims; Why then not alike pleaſing?
Being burthen'd with the ſorrowes of the *Day*,
We wiſh for night; which, being come, we lay
Our Bodies downe; yet when our very Breath
Is yrkſome to vs, w'are affraid of *Death*:
Our *Sleepe* is oft accompanied with Frights,
Diſtracting Dreames and dangers of the nights;
When in the Sheets of *Death*, our Bodie's ſure
From all ſuch Evils, and we ſleepe ſecure: (ther?
What matter, *Doune*, or *Earth?* what boots it whe-
Alas, Our Bodye's ſenſible of neither:
Things that are ſenſleſſe, feele nor paynes nor eaſe;
Tell me; and why not *Wormes* as well as *Fleas?*
In *Sleepe*, we know not whether our clos'd eyes
Shall ever wake; from *Death* w'are ſure to riſe:
I, but 'tis long firſt: O, is that our feares?
Dare we truſt God for *Nights?* and not for *Yeares?*



Digitized by Google

42

*On the Body of Man.*

MAns Body's like a *House*: His greater Bones,
Are the maine *Timber*; And the lesser Ones,
Are smaller *Splints*: His Ribs are *Laths*, daubd ore,
Plaister'd with *flesh* & *bloud*: his Mouths the *Doore*:
His Throat's the narrow *Entry*: And his Heart,
Is the *Great Chamber*, full of curious Art:
His *Midreife*, is a large partition *Wall*,
'Twixt the *Great Chamber*, and the spacious *Hall*:
His Stomacke is the *Kitchin*, where the Meate
Is often but halfe sod, for want of *Heate*:
His Spleen's a *Vessell*, Nature does allott
To take the *skimme*, that rises from the Pott:
His Lungs are like the *Bellowes* that respire
In ev'ry office, quickning ev'ry Fire:
His Nose, the *Chimney* is, whereby are vented
Such Fumes, as with the *Bellowes* are augmented:
His Bowels are the *Sinke*, whose part's to dreine
All noysome filth, and keepe the *Kitchin* cleane:
His Eyes like Christall *Windowes* cleare and bright,
Lets in the *Obiect*, and lets out the *sight*:
And as the *Timber* is, or great or small,
Or strong or weake; 'tis apt to stand, or fall:
Yet is the likelyest *Building* sometimes knowne,
To fall by obvious Chances; Overthrowne,
Oft-times by Tempests, by the full mouth'd *Blasts*
Of Heav'n; Somtimes by Fire; Somtimes it wasts
Through unadvis'd *neglect*: Put case, the *Stuffe*
Were ruin-proofe; by nature, strong enough,

Digitized by Google To

To conquer *Time* and *Age*: Put caſe, it ſhould
Ne're know an end, Alas, Our *Leaſes* would:
What haſt thou then, proud *fleſh* and *bloud*, to boaſt?
Thy Dayes are ev'll, at beſt; but few, at moſt;
But ſad, at merryeſt; and but weake, at ſtrongeſt;
Vnſure, at ſureſt; and but ſhort, at longeſt.

43

*On the Young man in the Goſpell.*

HOw well our *Saviour* and the *landed Youth*
Agreed a little while? And, to ſay truth,
Had he had will and power in his hand,
To keepe the *Law*, but as He kept his *Land*;
No doubt, his ſoule had found the ſweet fruition
Of his owne choyce deſires without Petition:
But he muſt *Sell*, and *Follow*; or elſe, not
Obtaine his heav'n: O now his heav'ns too hot:
He cannot ſtay; He has no buſineſſe there:
Hee'l rather miſſe, then buy his heav'n too deare:
*When Broth's too hot for haſty hounds, how they*
*Will licke their ſcalded lips, and ſneake away!*

44

*On Mans goodneſſe and Gods love.*

GOd loves not Man, becauſe that Man is *good*;
For Man is ſinfull, becauſe Fleſh and Blood:
We argue falſe: It rather may behove us,
To think us *good*, cauſe God thinks good to love us.
Hee that ſhall argue up from Man to God,
Takes but the paines to gather his owne *Rod*:

Who

Digitized by Google

Who from ſuch Premiſſes, ſhal drawe's *Concluſion*,
Makes but a *Syllogiſme* of his owne confuſion.

45

*On Mans Plea.*

MAns *Plea* to *Man*, is, That he never more
Will begge, and that he never begg'd before:
Mans *Plea* to God, is, That he did obtaine
A former Suit, and therefore ſues againe.
How good a God we ſerue; that when we ſue,
Makes his old gifts th'examples of his new!

46

*On* Furio.

F*Vrio* will not forgive; *Furio* beware:
*Furio* will curſe himſelfe in the *Lords Prayer*.

47

*On* Martha *and* Mary.

M*Artha*, with ioy, receiv'd her bleſſed Lord;
Her Lord ſhe welcoms, feaſts, and entertains:
*Mary* ſate ſilent; heares, but ſpeakes no word;
*Martha* takes all, and *Mary* takes no paines;
*Mary's* to heare; to feaſt him *Martha's* care is;
Now which is greater, *Martha's* love, or *Mary's*?

*Martha* is full of trouble, to prepare;
*Martha* reſpects his good beyond her owne:

*Mary*

Digitized by Google

*Mary* ſits ſtill at eaſe, and takes no care;
*Mary* deſires to pleaſe her ſelfe, alone:
The pleaſure's *Maryes*; *Martha's* all the care is;
Now which is greater, *Martha's* love, or *Maryes?*

Tis true; Our bleſſed Lord was *Martha's* Gueſt;
*Mary* was his; and, in his feaſt, delighted:
Now which hath greater reaſon to love beſt,
The bountifull Invitor, or th'invited?
Sure, both lou'd well; But *Mary* was the better,
And therfore ſhould, in reaſon, love the better.

*Marye's* was ſpirituall; *Martha's* love was carnall;
T'one kiſt his hand; The other, but the Glove:
As far as mortall is beneath eternall,
So far is *Martha's* leſſe then *Marye's* love: (bers
How bleſt is he, Great God, whoſe hart remem-
*Marye's* to Thee; and *Martha's* to thy Members!

48

*On our Bleſſed Saviour.*

WE often read our bleſſed *Saviour wept*;
But never laught, and ſeldome that he *ſlept*:
Ah, ſure his heavy eyes did wake, and *weepe*
For vs that ſin, ſo oft, in *Mirth*, and *Sleepe*.

49

*On Sinnes:*

*Sinnes*, in reſpect of Man, all mortall be;
All veniall, *Ieſu*, in reſpect of Thee.



Digitized by Google

50

*On Mans behaviour to God.*

WE uſe our God, as Vs'rers doe their bands;
We often beare him in our *hearts*, our *hands*;
His *Paths* are beaten, and his *Wayes* are trod,
So long as hee's a profitable God:
But when the Money's paid, the Profit's taken,
Our *Bands* are cancel'd, and our *God's* forſaken.

51

*On Mans Cruelty.*

AND dar'ſt thou venture ſtill to live in Sin,
And crucifie thy dying Lord again?
Were not his *Pangs* ſufficient? muſt he bleed
Yet more? O, muſt our ſinfull pleaſures feed
Vpon his Torments; and augment the Story
Of the ſad paſſion of the Lord of *Glory!*
Is there no pitty? Is there no remorſe
In humane breſts? Is there a firme divorſe
Betwixt all *mercy*, and the hearts of Men?
Parted for ever? ne're to meet agen?
No *mercy* bides with us: 'Tis thou, alone,
Haſt it, ſweet Ieſu, for us, that have none
For Thee: Thou haſt fore-ſtal'd our *Markets* ſo,
That all's *Above*, and we have none *Below*:
Nay, bleſſed Lord, we have not wherewithall
To ſerve our ſhiftleſſe ſelves, vnleſſe we call
To thee, that art our *Saviour*, and haſt power
To give, and whom we Crucifye, each hower:

W'are

Digitized by Google

W'are cruell (Lord) to thee, and our ſelves too;
IESV *forgive's; we know not what we doe.*

52

*Mans Progreſſe.*

THe Earth is that forbidden *Tree* that growes
Ith' midſt of *Paradiſe*; Her *Fruit* that ſhowes
So ſweet, ſo faire, ſo pleaſing to the eyes,
Is worldly pleaſure in a faire diſguize:
The *Fleſh* ſuggeſts: *The Fruit is faire and good*
*Apt to make wiſe, and a delicious Food;*
*It hath a ſecret vertue, wherewithall*
*To make you Gods; and not to dye at all.*
Man taſts, and tempts the frailty of his Brother;
His Brother eats; One bit cals on another:
His guilty *Conſcience* opes his eyes; He ſees,
He ſees his empty nakedneſſe, and flees;
Hee ſtitches ſlender *Fig-leaves*, and does frame
Poore Arguments t'excuſe his Sin, his Shame:
But in the cooler *evening* of his Dayes,
The voyce calls *Adam: Adam's* in a Maze:
His *Conſcience* bids him run: The voyce purſues;
Poore *Adam* trembles, ere hee knowes the newes:
*Adam* muſt quit the Garden, leſt he ſtrive
To taſt the ſaving *Tree of life*, and live;
Poore Man muſt goe; But whether is he bound?
Ev'n to the place from whence he came, the *Ground*.



Digitized by Google

53

*On the two great Flouds.*

TWo *Flouds* I read of; *Water*, and of *Wine*;
The first was *Noahs*; *Lot*, the last was thine:
The first was the *Effect*; The last, the *Cause*
Of that foule Sin, against the sacred Lawes
Of God and Nature, *Incest*: *Noah* found
An *Arke* to save him, but poore *Lot* was drownd;
Good *Noah* found an *Arke*; but *Lott* found none:
*W'are safer in Gods hands then in our owne:*
The former flood of *waters* did extend
But some few dayes; this latter ha's no end;
They both destroy'd, I know not which the worst:
The *last* is ev'n as Gen'rall, as the *first*:
The first being ceas'd; the world began to fill;
The last depopulates, and wasts it still: (ther;
Both *Flouds* orewhelm'd both Man and beast toge-
The last is worst, if there be best of either:
The first are ceas'd: Heav'n vow'd it by a Signe;
*When shall we see a Raine-bow after Wine?*

54

*On* Fuca.

FVca, thou quot'st the Scriptures on thy side,
And makst *Rebecca* patronize thy pride;
Thou sayst that she wore *Ear-rings*: Did she so?
Know this withall, She bore the *Pitcher* too:
Thou mayst, like her, weare *Ear-rings*, if thy pride
Can stoope to what, *Rebecca* did beside.

This

Digitized by Google

55

*On Abrahams ſervant.*

THis faithfull *Servant* will not feed, vntill
He doe his truſt-repoſing Maſters will:
There's many, now, that will not eat before
They ſpeed their *Maſters* work: *They'l drink the more.*

56

*On Alexander.*

NO marvell, thou great *Monarch*, did'ſt complaine
And weep, ther were no other worlds to gaine;
Thy griefes and thy complaints were not amiſſe;
H'as Griefe enough, that findes no world but this.

57

*On raſh Iudgement.*

IVdge not too faſt: This *Tree* that does appeare
So barren, may be fruitfull the next yeare:
Haſt thou not patience to expect the Hower?
I feare thy owne are *Crabs* they be ſo ſower:
Thy Iudgment oft may tread beſide the Text;
A *Saule* to day, may prove a *Paul*, the next.

58

*On Iacobs purchaſe.*

HOw poore was *Iacobs* motion, and how ſtrange
His Offer! How unequall was th'exchange!



Digitized by Google

A meſſe of *Porrage* for Inheritance?
Why could not hungry *Eſau* ſtrive t'enhaunce
His price a little? So much underfoot?
Well might he give him Bread and drink to boot:
An eaſie price! The caſe is even our owne;
For toyes we often ſell our *Heaven*, our *Crowne*.

59

*On Eſau.*

WHat haſt thou done? Nay what ſhal *Eſau* do?
Loſt both his *Birthright*, and his *Bleſſing* too!
What hath poore *Eſau* left, but empty teares,
And Plaints, that cannot reach the old mans eares?
What with thy Fathers *Diet*, and thine owne
Thy *Birthright's* aliend, and thy *Bleſſing's* gone:
How does one miſchiefe ouertake an other?
In both, how overtaken by a Brother?
Could thy imperious ſtomack but have ſtay'd,
And if thy Fathers had not bin delay'd,
Thou had'ſt not need have wept and pleaded ſo,
But kept thy *Birthright*, and thy *Bleſſing* too:
Had thy vnproſp'rous, thy vnlucky hand
Diſpatch'd thy *Ven'zon*, as it did thy Land,
Thy ſorrowes had not made ſo great a Heape,
That had not bin ſo deare; nor this, ſo cheape:
Had thine given place but to thy Fathers will,
Thad'ſt had thy *Birthright*; and thy *Bleſſing* ſtill.

The

Digitized by Google

60

*On the absence of a blessing.*

THe blessing gon, what do's there now remaine?
*Esau's* offended; *Iacob* must be slaine:
The heart of Man once emptyed of a Grace,
How soone the *Devill* jostles in the place!

61

*On the yonger Brother.*

I know, the *Elder* and the *Yonger*, too,
Are both alike to God; Nor one, nor other
Can plead their yeares, But yet we often doe
Observe, the Blessing's on the *yonger Brother*:
The Scripture notes it, but does spare to show
A reason; therefore, I despaire to know.

62

*On Kain.*

BEfore that *Monster* spilt his Brothers blood,
w'are sure the *fourth* part of the world was *good*:
O, what a dearth of goodnes did there grow,
When the *Fourth* part was murdred at a blow!

63

*On the righteous man.*

PRomise is *dett*: And Dett implies a *payment*:
How can the righteous, then dout *food*, & *raymēt*?

Digitized by Google

By

63

*On Faith, Love, and Charity.*

BY nature *Faith* is fiery, and it tends
Still upward: *Love*, by native course, descends:
But *Charity*, whose nature doth confound
And mixe the former two, moves ever round:
Lord, let thy *Love* descend, and then the Fire
Of sprightly *Faith* shall kindle, and aspire:
O, then, my circling *Charity* shall move
In proper motion, mixt of *Faith* and *Love*.

64

*On* Iacobs *Pillow.*

THe Bed, was *Earth*: The raised Pillow, *Stones*,
Whereon poore *Iacob* rests his head, his Bones;
Heav'n was his *Canopy*; The Shades of night
Were his drawne *Curtaines*, to exclude the *Light*:
Poore State for *Isacks* heyre! It seemes to me,
His Cattell found as soft a *Bed*, as Hee:
Yet God appeared there, his *Ioy*, his *Crowne*;
*God is not alway seene in Beds of* Doune:
O, if that God shall please to make my *Bed*,
I care not where I rest my Bones, my Head;
With Thee, my wants can never prove extreame;
With *Iacobs Pillow*, give me *Iacobs Dreame*.

*Faith*

Digitized by Google

65

*On Faith.*

*Faith* do's acknowledge *Gifts*, altho we gave not;
It keeps vnſeene thoſe Sins, Confeſſion hid not;
It make us to enjoy the Goods we have not;
It counts as done, thoſe pious deeds, we did not;
It workes; endowes; it freely 'accepts; it hides:
What Grace is abſent where true *Faith* abides?

66

*On Zacheus.*

ME thinks, I ſee, with what a buſie haſt,
*Zacheus* climb'd the Tree: But, O, how faſt
How full of ſpeed, canſt thou imagine (when
Our *Saviour* call'd) he powder'd downe agen!
He ne're made tryall if the boughes were ſound,
Or rotten; nor how far 'twas to the ground:
There was no danger fear'd: At ſuch a Call,
Hee'l venture nothing, that dare feare a fall:
Needs muſt he downe, by ſuch a *Spirit* driven;
Nor could he fall, vnleſſe he fell to *Heaven*:
Downe came *Zacheus*, raviſht from the Tree;
Bird that was ſhot, ne're dropt ſo quicke as he.

67

*On the Thiefe and Slanderer.*

THe *Theife*, and *Sland'rer* are almoſt the ſame;
T'one ſteals my *goods*; the tother, my *good name*:
T'one lives in ſcorne; the other dies in ſhame.



Digitized by Google

68

*On* Abrams *pleading for Sodome.*

HOw loth was righteous *Abraham* to ceaſe,
To beat the price of luſtfull *Sodoms* peace!
Marke how his holy boldneſſe intercepts
Gods *Juſtice*; Brings his *Mercy* downe, by ſteps:
He dare not bid ſo few as *Ten*, at firſt;
Nor yet from *Fifty* righteous perſons, durſt
His Zeale on ſudden make too great a fall,
Although he wiſht ſalvation to them all.
Great God: Thy dying *Son* has pow'r to cleare
A world of Sinnes, that one ſhall not appeare
Before thine angry eyes: What wonder then,
To ſee thee fall, from *Fifty* downe to *Ten*!

69

*On Mans goodnes.*

THy hand, great God, created all things good;
But Man rebell'd, and in defiance ſtood
Againſt his owne *Creation*, and did ſtaine,
Nay loſt that goodneſſe which the Beaſts retaine;
What hap ha's Man, poore Man, above the reſt,
That hath leſſe *goodnes* left him, then a *Beaſt*!

70

*On Zacheus.*

SHort-legg'd *Zacheus*, 'Twas the happieſt *Tree*
That ever mortall climb'd; I meane, to *Thee*:

Digitized by Google

Thy

Thy paynes in going up, receiv'd the Crowne
Of all thy labour, at thy comming downe:
Thy Statures lowneſſe gave thee faire occaſion
To mount that *Tree*; that Tree, to find *Salvation*:
But was't the *Tree*, *Zacheus*? No, t'was *Hee*,
Whoſe bleeding Body dy'd upon the *Tree*.

71

*On the Roman, Turke, and Atheiſt.*

THe *Roman* worſhips God upon the *wall*;
The *Turke*, a falſe *God*; Th' *Atheiſt*, none at all.

72

*On Babels Building.*

GReat God, no ſooner borne, but we begin
*Babels* accurs'd Foundation, by our *Sin*:
Our *thoughts*, our *words*, our *deeds* are ever yeelding
The ſad *materials* of our ſinfull Building:
Should not thy *Grace* prevent it, it would even
Riſe, and riſe up, vntill it reach'd to heaven:
Lord, ere our *Building* ſhall begin to ſhow,
Confound our *Language*, and our *Building* too.

73

*On the Theife and the Lyer.*

THe *Lyer* and the *Theife* have one Vocation;
Their difference is but onely in their *Faſhion*:
They both deceive; but diverſly proceed;
The firſt deceives by *Word*; the laſt, by *Deed*.

74

*On the Egyptians Famine.*

MArke but the course the pin'de *Egyptians* run:
When all their *coyn*, when all their *corn* is done,
They come to *Ioseph*, and their stomacks plead;
They chãge their *beasts* for *corn*, their *flocks* for *bread*,
Yet still they want: Obserue what now they doe;
They give their *Lands*, and yeeld their *Bodyes* too:
Now they have *Corne* enough; and now, they shall
Have *seed* to sowe their barren soile withall;
Prouided that the fift of their encrease
Be *Pharoe's*: Now their stomacks are at peace:
Thus when the *Famine* of the Word shall strike
Our hungry *Soules*; our Soules must doe the like:
We first must part with, (as by their directions)
Our Flocks, our Beasts, our Bestiall *Affections*;
When they are gone, what then must Sinners doe?
Giue up their *Lands*, their *Soules*, and *Bodies* too:
O, then our hearts shall be refresht and fed,
Wee shall have *seed* to sowe, and present *Breads*:
Allowing but the fift of our encrease,
Wee shall have plenty, and our Soules have peace:
How art thou pleas'd, *good God*, that *Man* shold liue!
How slow art thou to take! how free to giue!

75

*On Zacheus.*

WEll climb'd, *Zacheus*; 'Twas a step well giuen;
Frõ hence toth' *Tree*; & frõ the *Tree* to *Heaven*!

Digitized by Google

76.

*On the Plough-man.*

I Heare the whistling *Plough-man*, all day long,
Sweetning his labour with a chearefull song:
His Bed's a Pad of *Straw*; His dyet, course;
In both, he fares not better then his *Horse*:
He seldome slakes his thirst, but from the *Pumpe*,
And yet his heart is blithe; his visage, plumpe;
His thoughts are nere acquainted with such things,
As *Griefes* or *Feares*; He onely sweats, and sings:
When as the Landed *Lord*, that cannot dine
Without a Qualme, if not refresht with *Wine*;
That cannot iudge that controverted case,
'Twixt meat & mouth, without the *Bribe* of Sauce;
That claimes the service of the purest linnen,
To pamper and to shroud his dainty skin in,
Groanes out his dayes, in lab'ring to appease
The rage of either *Buisnes*, or *Disease*:
Alas, his silken *Robes*, his costly *Diet*
Can lend a little pleasure, but no *Quiet*:
The vntold summes of his descended wealth
Can give his Body plenty, but not *Health*:
The one, in Paynes, and want, possesses all;
T'other, in Plenty, finds no peace at all;
'Tis strange! And yet the cause is easly shownne;
Tone's at *Gods* finding; t'other, at his *owne*.



Digitized by Google

77

*On a happy Kingdome.*

THat Kingdome, and none other, happy is,
Where *Moſes*, and his *Aron* meet, and kiſſe.

78

*On Gods appearance to* Moſes.

GOd firſt appeard to *Moſes*, in the *Myre*;
The next time he appeard, h'appeard in *Fire*;
The third time, he was knowne to *Moſes* eye
Vpon mount *Sinai*, cloath'd in *Maieſtie*.
Thrice God appeares to Man: firſt, wallowing in
His foule Pollution, and baſe *Myre* of Sin;
And like to *Pharoes* daughter do'es bemone
Our helples State, and drawes us, for his owne:
The next time, he appeares in *Fyre*, whoſe bright
And gentle flames conſume not, but give light;
It is the Fire of *Grace*; where man is bound
To d'off his *Shooes*, becauſe 'tis *holy ground*:
The laſt apparance ſhall be in that *Mount*,
Where every Soule ſhall render an Account
Of *good* or *evill*; where all things Tranſitory
Shall ceaſe; & *Grace* be crownd with perfect *Glory*.

Thy

Digitized by Google

79

*On Gods Law.*

Thy Sacred *Law*, O God,
Is like to Moses *Rod:*
If wee but keepe it in our hand,
It will doe Wonders in the Land;
If wee slight and throw it to the Ground;
'Twill turne a *Serpent*, and inflict a Wound;
A *Wound* that Flesh and Blood cannot endure,
Nor salve, untill the *Brazen Serpent* cure:
I wish not, *Lord*, thou shouldst *withhold it*;
Nor wold I *have it*, and not *hold it*:
O teach me then, my God,
To handle Moses *Rod.*

80

*On* Pharoe's *Bricke.*

OVr God's not like to *Pharoh*; to require
His tale of *Bricke*, and give no *Straw* for Fire:
His Workmen wanted *Straw*, and yet were lasht,
For not performance: We have *Straw unthrasht*,
Yet we are idle, and we winch, and kicke
Against our Burthens, and returne no *Bricke:*
We spend our Straw, for *Litter* in the Stable,
And then we cry; Alas, *We are not able*;
Thinke not on Israels suffrings, in that day,
When thy offended Iustice shall repay
Our labours; Lord, when thou upheav'st thy *Rod*,
Thinke, *Pharoh* was a *Tyrant*; Thou, a *God.*

This

Digitized by Google

81

*On the insatiableneſſe of Mans heart.*

THis *Globe* of earth ha's not the pow'r to fill
The *Heart* of Man, but it deſiers ſtill:
By him that ſeekes, the Cauſe is eaſly found;
The Heart's *Triangular*; The Earth is *Round*;
He may be full; but, never to the brim
Be fill'd with *Earth*, till earth be fill'd with him.

82

*On* Pharoe's *hard-heartednes.*

PLagues after *Plagues?* And yet not *Pharoh* yeeld
T'enlarge poore *Iſrael?* Was thy *heart* ſo ſteel'd,
Rebellious Tyrant, that it dare withſtand
The oft repeated *Iudgements* of Heav'ns hand?
Could neither *Mercies oyle*, nor *Iudgements thunder*
Diſſolve, nor breake thy flinty heart in ſunder?
No, no, what *Sun-beames* ſoften not, they harden;
Purpos'd *Rebellions* are aſleepe to Pardon.

83

*On the change of* Pharoe's *fortunes.*

OBſerve what *peace* great *Pharo's* kingdom found
while *Ioſeph* liv'd; what *proſprous bleſſings* cround
His happy dayes' Heav'ns plague-inflicting hand
Was then a ſtranger to his *peacefull Land:*
*Peace* was entayl'd upon his Royall *Throne*;
His Land had *Plenty*, when the World had none;

Digitized by Google His

His full *deſiers* over-flowd their Brim,
*Favours* came downe unask't unſought by Him:
His *Scepter* flouriſh'd, from a God unknowne,
No need to trouble any of his owne:
While *Ioſeph* liv'd, his *Bleſſings* had no end;
That God was his, whilſt he was *Ioſephs* Frend:
*Theſe temp'rall Bleſſings heav'n doth, often, ſhare*
*Vnto the wicked, at the Good-mans Prayer:*
But *Ioſeph* dyes: And *Ioſephs* Sons muſt fall
Beneath their Burtheus, and be ſcourg'd withall;
Whilſt Tyrant *Pharoh's* more ſeverer hand
Keeps them laborious *Priſ'ners* in his Land:
*God oft permits his Children to be hurld*
*Into diſtreſſe, to weane them from the world:*
But *Pharohs* Bleſſings alter with his *Brow*;
The budding Scepter's turn'd a *Serpent* now:
His Land muſt groan; her *plagues* muſt ſtil encreaſe,
Till *Iacobs* Off-ſpring ſhall find *Iacobs* peace;
*Gods Children are the* Apples *of his Eye,*
*Whoſe touch is death, if being toucht, they cry:*
Now Tyrant *Pharoh* dares no longer chuſe,
*Iſrael* muſt goe: *Pharoh* repents, purſues;
*Pharoh* wants *Brick*; *Pharoh*, ere long, I feare,
Will find the purchaſe of his *Brick* too deare:
*Moſes* holds forth his *Rod:* The *Seas* divide;
The *Waves* are turn'd to *Walls* on either ſide:
They paſſe ſecure; *Pharoh* purſues them ſtill:
*God leaves his Children to the brunt of Ill:*
The Chariot-*Wheeles* flye off, the *Harneſſe* cracks;
One wants a *Nayle*; the next, a *Hammer* lacks:
*How Man is croſs'd and puzzel'd in that Plott,*
*Where Heav'n denyes ſucceſſe, and proſpers not!*



Digitized by Google

*Moſes* holds forth his *Rod*: The *Eaſterne* wind
Calls backe the *Tydes*: The parted *Waters* ioynd,
And overwhelmd great *Pharo'* and *Pharoes Hoſt*;
Mohe ſcapd to tell the newes: All drownd, and loſt:
Thus thrives Rebellion: *Plagues* not doing good,
Oft-times conclude their *Ceremony'* in Blood:
Thus hardned hearts grow more and more obdure;
And Heav'n cuts off, when Earth is moſt ſecure.

84

*On the Firſt borne.*

THe *Firſt-borne* of th' Egyptians all were ſlaine,
From him that holds the *Scepter* to the *Swayne*:
But all that are *Firſt-borne* in *Iſrael*, be
Accepted, Lord, and ſanctifide to Thee:
Thy lookes are alwayes turn'd upon the Prime
Of all our *Actions*, *Words*, our *thoughts*, our *time*;
Thy pleaſed Eye is fixt upon the *Firſt*;
And from the *Womb* w'are thine, or elſe accurſt.

85

*On baptized Infants.*

I Dare not iudge thoſe Iudgements, ill advis'd,
That hold ſuch *Infants* ſav'd, as dye, baptiz'd:
What hinders Life? *Originall* hath bin
New waſht away; There's yet, no *Actuall Sin*:
Death is th' Effect of *Sin*: The Cauſe being gon,
What ground is left for Death to worke vpon?
I know not: But of Iſraels ſons, 'tis found,
*Moſes* was ſav'd; I read that none was drownd.

Digitized by Google No

86

*On the grumbling Israelites.*

NO sooner out, but grumble? Is the *Brick*
So soone forgotten? 'Tis a common trick?
Serve God in Plenty? Egypt can doe thus;
No thankes to serve our God, when God serves us:
*Some sullen* Curres, *when they perceive a* Bone,
*Will wagg their Tayles and faune; But snarle, if none.*

87

*On Mans rebellion.*

O, How perverse is *Flesh* and *Blood!* in whom
Rebellion blossomes from the very Wombe!
What Heav'n commands, how lame we are to do!
And things forbid how soone perswaded to!
We never read rebellious *Israel* did
Bow to strange Gods, till *Israel* was forbid.

88

*On Israel.*

HAd *Israel*, in her want but truely humbled,
*Isr'el* had *prayd*, & *grond* to heav'n; not *grumbled:*
But *Isr'el* wanted food: *Isr'els* complaint
Could not be fervent, *Isr'el* being faint:
*Isr'el* gets food: Now *Isr'el* is so full,
That her Devotion, and her Zeale is dull:
Lord when art thou in season? When's the time,
To doe thee service? When's our *Zeale* in prime?



Digitized by Google

'Tis

'Tis alwayes either not full ripe or wasting:
We can not serve our God nor *Full* nor *Fasting*.

89

*On the Sinners Refuge.*

HE that shall shed, with a presumptuous hand,
The blood of *Man*; must, by thy iust command
Be put to death: The *Murtherer* must dye;
Thy Law denyes him refuge where to flye:
Great God our hands have slain a *Man*; nay further,
They have committed a presumptuous murther,
Vpon a guiltles *Man*; Nay, what is worse,
They have betraid our *Brother* to the Curse
Of a reproachfull *death*; Nay, what exceeds,
It is our *Lord*, our dying *Saviour* bleeds:
Nay more; It is thy *Son*, thy *only Son*;
All this have we, all this our hands have done:
On what deare *Obiects* shall we turne our eye?
Looke to the *Law*? O, by the Law, we dye:
Is there no *Refuge*, Lord? No place that shall
Secure our Soules from *Death*? Ah, none at all:
What shall poore *Mortals* do? Thy Lawes are just,
And most irrevocable: Shall we trust
Or flye to our owne *Merits*, and be freed
By our good *Workes*? I; there were helpe indeed!
Is there no *City* for a Soule to flye,
And save it selfe? Must we resolve to dye?
O Infinite! O (not to be expreſt?)
Nay, not to be conceived by the breſt
Of [illegible] *Angels*! O transcendent *Love*!
Incomprehensible! as farre above

Digitized by Google The

The reach of *Man*, as mans deſerts are under
The ſacred Benefit of ſo bleſt a *Wonder!*
That very *Blood* our ſinfull hands have ſhed,
Cryes loud for *Mercy*, and thoſe *Wounds* do plead
For thoſe that made them: he that pleads, forgives;
And is both *God* and *Man*; both dead, and lives:
He, whom we murther'd, is become our *Guarden*;
Hee's Man, to ſuffer; and hee's God to *pardon*:
Here's our *Protection*; Here, our *Refuge* City,
Whoſe living ſprings run *Piety* and *Pitty*:
Goe then, my *Soule*, and paſſe the common Bounds
Of *Paſſion*: Goe, and kneele before his *Wounds*;
Go touch them with thy lips: thou needſt not feare,
They will not bleed afreſh, though Thou be there:
But if they doe that very *Blood*, thou ſpilt,
Beleev't, will plead thy *Pardon*, not thy *Guilt*.

90

*On the depoſing of Princes.*

I Know not by what vertue *Rome* depoſes
A Chriſtian *Prince*: Did *Aaron* command *Moſes*?
If ſacred Scriptures mention ſuch a thing,
Sure *Rome* has colour to depoſe a *King*.

91

*On* PETERS *Keyes.*

THe pow'r of *Peter* does all pow'r excell;
He opens Heav'n; He ſhuts the *Doores* of Hell:
The *Keyes* are his: In what a caſe w[illegible]
Should *Peters* Succeſſors miſtake the *Key*?

Are

Digitized by Google

92

*On Offrings.*

ARe all such *Offrings*, as are cruſht, and bruis'd,
Forbid thy *Altar?* May they not be us'd?
And muſt all *broken things* be ſet apart?
No, Lord: Thou wilt accept a *Broken Heart.*

93

*On Vſurers.*

OF all men, *Vs'rers* are not leaſt accurſt;
They robb the *Spittle*, pinch th'Afflicted worſt:
In others greiſe they'r moſt delighted in;
Whilſt *Givers* ſuffer for the *Takers* ſin:
O how uniuſt a *Trade* of life is that,
Which makes the *Lab'rers*, leane; and th' *idle*, fatt!

94

*On Repentance.*

CAnſt thou recover thy conſumed *Fleſh*,
From the well-feaſted *Wormes?* Or put on freſh?
Canſt thou redeeme thy *Aſhes* from the dead?
Or quit thy Carkas from her *ſheet* of *Lead?*
Canſt thou awaken thy earth-cloſed *eyes?*
Vnlock thy Marble *Monument*, and riſe?
All this thou mayſt performe, with as great eaſe,
As to *Repent* thee mortall, when thou pleaſe:
It is thy *Grave*, not *Bed* that thou art in:
Th'art not *aſleepe*, but thou art *dead* in Sin.



Digitized by Google

95

*On Wine and Water.*

NAture, and *Grace*, who ever taſted both,
Differ as much, as *Wine*, and *Water* doth:
*This* clenſes, (if not groſly ſtayn'd with *Sin*)
The outward *Man*: but ſcowers not, within:
*That* cheares the heart, & makes the Courage bold,
Quickens and warmes dead *ſpirits* that are cold:
It fires the *Blood*, and makes the Soule *divine*:
O that my *Water*, Lord, were turnd to *Wine*!

96

*On Balams Aſſe.*

THe *Aſſe*, that for her ſlowneſſe, was forbid
To be imployed in Gods ſervice, did
Performe good ſervice now, in being ſlow:
The *Aſſe* received ſtripes, but would not goe:
She baulkd the way, and *Balam* could not guid her:
The *Aſſe* had farre more wiſedome then the *Rider*:
The *Meſſage* being bad, the *Aſſe* was loth
To be the *Bearer*: 'Twas a happy ſloth;
'Twas well for *Balam*: Had his *Aſſe* but tryde
Another ſtep, *Balam* had ſurely dy'd:
Poore *Aſſe*! And was thy faithfull ſervice payd
With oft-repeated ſtrokes? Hadſt thou obayd,
Thy Lord had bought thy travell, with his blood:
*Such is Mans payment, often bad for Good:*
The *Aſſe* begins to queſtion with his *Maſter*,
Argues the caſe, pleads why he went no faſter:

Nay,

Digitized by Google

Nay, shewes him *Myst'ries*, far beyond his reach;
*Sure, God wants Prophets, when dull* Asses *preach:*
The *Asse* perceives the *Angel*, and fals downe;
When *Balam* sees him not; or sees, unknowne:
Nor is't a wonder: for Gods *Spirit* did passe
From blindfold *Balam*, into *Balams Asse*.

97

*On some raw Divines.*

SOme raw *Divines*, no sooner are Espous'd
To their first *Wives*, and in the *Temple* hous'd,
But straight the *Peace* is broke: They now begin
T'appoint the *Field*, to fight their *Battailes* in:
*School-men* must war with *School-men*; *text* with *text*:
The first's the *Chaldee's Paraphrase*; the next
The *Septuaginta*: *Opinion* thwarts *Opinion*;
The *Papist* holds the first; The last, th' *Arminian*:
And then the *Councels* must be call'd t'advice,
What this, of *Lateran* sayes; what that, of *Nice*:
And here the poynt must be anew disputed;
*Arrius* is false; and *Bellarmine's* confuted:
Thus with the sharpe *Artill'ry* of their Witt,
They shoot at *Random*, careless where they hit:
The slightly studied *Fathers* must be prayd,
Although on small acquaintance, in to ayd,
Whose glorious *Varnish* must impose a glosse
Vpon their *Paint*, whose gold must gild their *drosse*:
Now *Martine Luther* must be purg'd by them,
From all his *Errors*, like a Shcool-boyes *Theame*;
*Free-wil's* disputed, *Consubstantiation*;
And the deepe Ocean of *Predestination*,

Where

Digitized by Google

Where, daring venter, oft, too far into't,
They, *Pharo*-like, are drownd both *Horſe* and *Foot:*
Forgetting that the Sacred *Law* enioynes
*New-married men* to ſit beneath their *Vines,*
And cheare their *Wives:* Thy muſt not venture out
To *Warre,* vntill the Yeare be run about.

98

*On Buying of the Bible.*

TIs but a folly to reioyce, or boaſt,
How ſmal a *price,* thy wel-bought *Pen'worth* coſt:
Vntill thy death, thou ſhalt not fully know,
Whether thy *Purchaſe* be good cheape, or no;
And at that day, beleev't, it will appeare,
If not extreamely *cheape,* extreamly *deare.*

99

*On the buying of the new Teſtament.*

*Reader,* If thou wilt prove no more
Then what I terme thee, ev'n before
Thou aske the *price,* turne back thine eye;
If otherwiſe, vnclaſpe, and buy:
Know then, the *Price* of what thou buy'ſt,
Is the deare Blood of *Ieſus Chriſt;*
Which *Price* is over-deare to none,
That dares protect it with his *owne:*
If thou ſtand guilty of the *price,*
Ev'n ſaue thy purſ-ſtrings, and be wiſe:
Thy mony will but, in concluſion,
Make purchaſe of thy owne *Confuſion:*



Digitized by Google

But if that guilt be done away,
Thou mayst as safely buy, as pay.

ICO

*To my* BOOKE.

MY *Little* Pinnace, *strike thy* Sayles,
*Let slippe thy* Anchor; *The* Winde *fayles:*
*And Sea-men oft, in* Calmes *doe feare*
*That foule, and boystrous weather's neare:*
*If a robustious* Storme *should rise,*
*And bluster from Censorious* Eyes,
*Although the swelling* Waves *be rough,*
*And proud, thy* Harbour's *safe enough:*
*Rest, Rest a while, till ebbing* Tides
*Shall make thee* stanch, *and* breme *thy sides;*
*When* Winds *shall serve, hoyst up thy Sayle,*
*And flye before a prosp'rous* Gale;
*That all the* Coasters *may resort,*
*And bid thee welcome to thy* PORT.

The end of the First *Booke*.

Digitized by Google

# DIVINE FANCIES:

## The second Booke.

I

*To Almighty* GOD.

LORD, Thou requir'st the first
of all our *Time*,
The first of all our *Actions*, and
the prime
Of all our *Thoughts*; And, *Lord*, good reason, we,
When Thou giv'st all, should give the *first* to Thee:
But O, we often rob thee of thy due,
Like *Elies* Children, whom thy vengeance slue:



Digitized by Google

Wee pinch thy *Offring* to enlarge our *Fee*;
We keepe the *Fat*, and carve the *Leane* to Thee:
We thruſt our three-tooth'd *Fleſh-hook* in thy *Pot*,
That only, what the *Fleſh-hook* taketh not,
We ſhare to thee: Lord, we are ſtill deceiving;
We take the *Prime*, and feed thee with our *leaving*:
Our Sluttiſh *Bowles* are cream'd with ſoile & filth,
Our Wheat is full of *Chaffe*; of *Tares*, our Tilth:
Lord, what in *Fleſh* and *Blood* can there be had,
That's worth the having, when the beſt is bad:
Here's nothing *good*, vnleſſe thou pleaſe to make it;
O, then, if ought be worth the taking, take it.

2

*On Gods Dyet.*

DEare Lord; when we approch thy ſacred *Fire*,
To burne our *Sacrifice*, thou do'ſt require
The *Heads* of ev'ry Beaſt that dyes; the *Hearts*;
Th'encloſed *Fatt*; and all the *Inward parts*:
Our *Senſes* and our *Memories* muſt be,
All ſet apart and ſanctifi'd to Thee;
The ſtrength of our *Deſires*, the beſt perfections
Of our imperfect *Wills*, the choyce Affections
Of our refined *hearts* muſt all conioyne
To ſeeke thy *Glory*: They muſt all be thine:
I know thy *Dyet*, Lord; Of all the reſt,
Thou do'ſt affect the *Head and Purtnance*, beſt.

We

Digitized by Google

3

*On* Moſes *Birth and Death.*

WE read; no ſooner new-borne *Moſes* crept
Into this vale of *Teares*, but th'Infant wept;
But, being warned of his *Death*, his *Laſt*,
We find it ſtoried, that he ſung as faſt:
Theſe ſev'rall Paſſions found their reaſon, why;
He dy'd to *live*, but he was borne to *dye*:
To whom this *Tranſitory* life ſhall bring
Iuſt cauſe to *weepe*; there, death gives cauſe to *ſing*.

4

*On* Ieptha's *Vow.*

VIctorious *Ieptha*, could thy *Zeale* allow
No other way, then by a raſh-made *Vow*,
T'expreſſe thy *Thanks*? A *Vow*, whoſe undertaking
Was ev'n a Sin more odious, then the making:
'Twas cruell *Piety* that taught thee how
To paddle in thy *Daughters* Blood: But thou,
Unlucky *Virgin*! was there none to be
Betwixt thy Fathers mortall *Brow*, and *Thee*?
Why cam'ſt thou forth, ſweet *Virgin*? To what end
Mad'ſt thou ſuch needleſſe haſt? Thou cam'ſt, to lend
Thy filiall *Triumph* to thy Fathers *Wreath*; (lend
Thou thought'ſt to meet a *Bleſſing*, and not *Death*:
Raſh *Ieptha*! may not thy repentance quit
That *Vow*, when Raſhneſſe was the Cauſe of it?
Ocan'ſt thou not diſpence with that, wherein
Thy ſtrict Religion's a preſumptuous *Sin*?



Digitized by Google

Is ſhe unhappy, or thou cruell rather?
Vnhappy *Child*, and too too cruell *Father*.

5

*On* Ieſus *and* Sampſon.

AN *Angel* did to *Manoahs* wife appeare, (beare:
And brought the news her barren *womb* ſhould
Did not another *Angel*, if not He,
Thrice bleſſed *Virgin*, bring the ſame to thee?
The Wife of *Manoah* (nine moneths being run)
Her Heav'n-ſaluted *womb* brought forth a *Son*:
To thee, ſweet *Virgin*, full of Grace and Heaven,
A *Child* was borne, to us a *Son* was giuen:
The name of hers was *Sampſon*, borne to fight
For captiv'd *Iſrael*, and a *Nazarite*:
Thine was a *Naz'rite* too, and borne to eaſe us.
From Sathans burthens, and his name is *Ieſus*:
*Sampſon* eſpous'd, and tooke in Marriage her
That was the child of an *Idolater*;
Our *Ieſus* tooke a wife, that bow'd the knee
And worſhipt unknowne *gods*, as well as ſhe:
Aſſaulted *Sampſon* met, and had to doe
With a fierce *Lyon*; foyld, and ſlue him too:
Our conquering *Ieſus* purchas'd higher fame;
His arme encountred *Death*, and overcame:
Victorious *Sampſon* ſtept aſide, and drew
Pure *Honey* from the Carcaſſe that he ſlue;
When our triumphing *Ieſus* fought, and found
A greater *ſweetnes* in his *Lyons* wound.
Vxorious *Sampſon* pleaſes to divide
His purchas'd Honey, to his faireſt *Bride*:

But

Digitized by Google

But what! Is *Sampſon* ſingular in this?
Did not our *Ieſus* doe the like to *his?*
*Sampſon* propounds a *Riddle*, and does hide
The folded Myſt'ry in his faithles Bride:
Our bleſſed *Ieſus* propounds *Riddles* too,
Too hard for Man, his Bride unſought, t'undoe:
The *Bride* forſakes her *Sampſon*; do's betroth her
To a new *Love*, and falſly weds another:
And did not the adult'rous *Iewes* forgoe
Their firſt Love *Ieſus*, and forſake him too?
Diſpleaſed *Sampſon* had the choyce to wed
The *younger Siſter* in the Elders ſtead:
Diſpleaſed *Ieſus* had eſpous'd the *Younger*;
God ſend her fairer; and affections ſtronger:
*Sampſon* ſent *Foxes* on his fiery errant,
Among their *corn*, & made their *crimes* his *warrant*:
Offended *Ieſus* ſhewes as able ſignes
Of wrath: His *Foxes* have deſtroyd their *Vines*:
Our *Sampſons* love to *Delilah* was ſuch,
That for her ſake poore *Sampſon* ſuffer'd much:
Our *Ieſus* had his *Delilah*: For her
His Soule became ſo great a ſufferer.
*Sampſon* was ſubject to their *ſcorne* and *ſhame*:
And was not *Ieſus* even the very ſame?
*Sampſon's* betrayd to the *Philiſtians* hands,
Was bound a while, but quickly brake his bands:
*Ieſus*, the firſt, and ſecond day, could be
The *Graves* cloſe priſ'ner; but, the third, was free:
In this they differ'd; *Ieſus* dying Breath
Cry'd out for *Life*; but *Sampſons* cald for *Death*:
*Father forgive them*, did our *Ieſus* crye;
But *Sampſon*, *Let me be reveng'd and dye*:

Since

Digitized by Google

Since then, *sweet Saviour*, tis thy *Death* must ease us,
We flye from *Sampson*, and appeale to *Iesus*.

6

*On* Elyes *double censure.*

WHen barren *Hanna*, prostrate on the Floore,
In heat of *Zeale* and passion, did implore
Redresse from Heav'n, censorious *Ely* thought
She had beene drunk, and checkt her for her fault;
Rough was his *Censure*, and his *Check*, austere;
*Where mildnesse should be us'd, w'are oft severe.*
But when his lustfull Sonnes, that could abuse
The *House* of God, making her Porch their *Stues*,
Appear'd before him, his indulgent tongue
Compounded rather then rebuk'd the wrong;
He dare not shoot, for feare he wound his *Childe*;
*Where we should be severe, w'are oft too milde:*
Vnequall *Ely!* was thy *Sentence* iust,
To censure *Zeale*, and not to punish *Lust?*
Could thy parentall mildnesse but have past
The former by as eas'ly, as the last,
Or had the last, by iust proportion, bin
Rated but like the first supposed sin,
Perchance thy aged head had found encrease
Of some few dayes, and gone to sleepe, in peace:
*Passions misplac'd are dangerous:* Let all
Remember *Elies Faults*, with *Elies Fall.*

Hast

Digitized by Google

7

*On the refining of Gold.*

HAst thou observed how the curious hand
Of the *Refiner* seeks to understand
The inadultr'ate pureneſſe of his *Gold*?
He waighs it firſt, and after does infold
In *Lead*; and then, commits to the *Fire*;
And, as the *Lead* conſumes, the *Gold* drawes nigher
To his perfection, without waſt or loſſe
Of his pure ſubſtance, but his waight, his droſſe:
The Great *Refiner* of Mans baſer *Heart*
Vſes the like, nay ſhowes the ſelfe-ſame *Art*;
He weighs it, firſt, and finding it too full
Of *Traſh* and *Earth*, he wraps it in ſome dull
And leaden croſſe, of *Puniſhment*, or *Sin*;
Then, tryes it in Afflictions *Fire*; wherein,
The *Lead* and *Droſſe* evaporate together,
And leaves the *Heart* refin'd, and quit of either:
Thus though Mans *Heart* be leſſen'd by the *Croſſe*,
And lighter; 'Tis but lighter by the *Droſſe*.

8

*On Dagon and the Arke.*

WHat newes with *Dagon*? Is thy Shrine ſo hot,
Thou canſt not keepe it? Or has *Dagon* got
The falling ſicknes, that his *Godſhip's* found
On ſuch a poſture, proſtrate on the Ground?
Poore helpleſſe *God*! But ſtay! Is *Dagon* growne
So weake ith' hamms: Nor ſtand, nor riſe, alone?



Digitized by Google

A *God*, and can not riſe? Tis very odde!
He muſt have help, or lye: *A proper God!*
Well, *Dagon* muſt requier help of hands;
Vp *Dagon* goes the ſecond time, and ſtands
As confident as though his place had bin
His owne, in *Fee:* Downe *Dagon* falls agin:
But *Dagon's* ſhrewdly martyr'd with the iumpe,
Loſt *hands* and *Head*, and nothing left but *ſtumpe*:
Sure, all's not well with *Dagon*, now a late;
Hee's either ſicke, or much forgot the State,
Belonging to ſo great a *God:* Has none
Offer'd ſome ſtinking *Sacrifice*, or blowne
Some nauſceous ſume into his Sacred *Noſe*,
And made his *God-ſhip* dizzy? Or who knowes,
Perchance h'as taken Pett, and will reſigne
His ſullen place, and quitt his empty *Shrine:*
No wonder, a *falſe God* ſhould ſtoope, and lye
Vpon the floore, when as a *true God's* by:
It was unlikely, *Dagon* ſhould forbeare
Reſpite of *Homage*, when the *Arke* was there:
If I would worſhip a falſe *God* at all,
It ſhould be one that would not ſcorne to fall
Before his *Betters:* whoſe indiff'rent arme,
If it could doe no good, could doe no harme;
I'd rather chooſe to bend my idle knee,
Of all falſe *Gods*, to ſuch a *God* as Hee,
Whoſe ſpirit's not too *quick: The fabulous Frogge*
*Found greater danger in the Stork, then Logge:*
And to conclude, I'd chooſe him, Dagon-like,
Not having *Head*, to plot; nor *Hand*, to ſtrike.

Sure

Digitized by Google

9

*On* Saule *and* David.

SVre, *Saul* as little look'd to be a *King*,
As I: and *David* dreamd of such a thing,
As much as he; when both alike did keepe,
The one his Fathers *Asses*; t'other, *Sheepe*:
*Saul* must forsake his *Whip*: And *David* flings
His *Crooke* aside; And they must both be *Kings*:
*Saul* had no *Sword*; and *David*, then, no *Speare*;
There was none *Conquer'd*, nor no *Conqu'ror* there;
There was no *Sweat*; There was no *Blood*, to shed;
The unsought Crowne besought the *wearers* head;
There was no *Stratagem*; No Opposition;
No taking parts; No iealous *Competition*:
There needs no *Art*; There needs no *Sword* to bring,
And place the *Crown*, where *God* appoints the *King*.

10

*On* David *and* Goliah.

SAthan's the great *Goliah*, that so boasts
And threats our *Israel*, and defyes her *Hosts*:
Those smoother *Stones* couragious *David* tooke
From the soft bosome of the silver Brooke,
Are *Scriptum est*: The *Sling*, that gives them flight,
Is *Faith*; That makes them flye, and flye aright:
Lord, lend me *Davids Sling*, and then I know,
I shall have *Davids strength* and *courage* too;
Give me but skill to pick such *Stones*, as these,
And I will meet *Goliah*, when he please.


Digitized by Google

11

*On* Sauls *Witch.*

WHen *Saul* receiv'd no *answer* down frō *heav'n*
How quickly was his jealous *passion* driven
A desprate Course! He needs must cure the *Itch*
Of his extreame desiers, by a *Witch:*
*When we have lost our way to* God, *how levell,*
*How easie to be found's the way toth' Divell.*

12

*On the necessity of Gods presence.*

WHen thou wert present with thy *strengthning* (*Grace,*
*Saul* propheſied, and fought:
But when, *Great God,* thou didst with-draw thy *face,*
*Murther* was in his thought:
Thus, as thou giv'st, or tak'st away thy *hand,*
We either *fall,* or *stand.*

13

Davids *Epitaph on* Ionathan.

HEre lyes *the faireſt* Flowre, *that ſtood*
*In* Isr'els Garden; *now, in* Blood;
*Which, Death to make her* Girland *gay,*
*Hath cropt, againſt her* Triumph Day:
*Here, here lies Hee, whoſe Actions pen'd*
*The perfect* Copie *of a Frend,*

*Whoſe*

Digitized by Google

*Whose milk-white* Vellam *did incurre*
*No least suspition of a* Blurre:
*Here lyes th'*example *of a Brother,*
*Not to bee follow'd by another;*
*The faire indented* Counter-part
*Of* Davids Ioy, *of* Davids Heart:
*Rest then; For ever, rest alone;*
*Thy* Ashes *can be touch'd by none,*
*Till* Death *hath pickt out such another:*
*Here's a* Flow'r, *a* Friend, *a Brother.*

14

*On Gods Word.*

GOds sacred *Word* is like the *Lampe* of Day,
Which softens *wax*, but makes obdure the *clay*;
It either melts the *Heart*, or more obdures;
It never falls in vaine; It *wounds*, or *cures:*
Lord, make my breast thy *Hive*, and then I know,
Thy *Bees* will bring in *Waxe* and *Honey* too.

15

*On Man.*

BY Nature, Lord, men worse then *Nothing* be;
And lesse then *Nothing*, if compar'd with *Thee*;
If lesse and worse then *Nothing*, tell me than,
Where is that *Somthing*, thou so boasts, proud *Man?*



Digitized by Google

16

*On* Ahaz *Diall.*

MAns *Heart's* like *Ahaz Dyall*; If it flees
Not forward; it goes backward ten *Degrees.*

17

*On Luſt.*

LVſt is an *Ignis fatuus*, that ariſes (prizes,
From the baſe *Earth*, that playes her wanton
In ſolitary *Hearts*, and ever haunts
*Darke places*, whoſe deceitfull flame inchaunts
The wandring ſteps of the diverted *ſtranger*,
Still tempting his miſ-guided feet to danger:
She neuer leaves, till by her faire deluſion,
Shee brings him headlong to his owne *confuſion.*

18

*On* Thamar *and* Ammon.

SHe muſt be lov'd; Then courted; and what more?
Enioy'd; then hated; then expeld the dore:
*Ammon* muſt be diſcov'red; muſt obtaine
Licenſe to Feaſt; and then, be drunke; then ſlaine:
O what Repoſe is had in ſinfull *Breath*,
Whoſe love, in *hate*; whoſe mirth cõcludes in *death!*

Their

Digitized by Google

19

*On Loue and Luſt.*

THey'r wide, that take baſe Luſt, for Loves *halfe-brother*,
Yeelding two *Fathers*, but the ſelfe ſame *Mother*:
*Luſt* is a Monſter, that's conceiv'd and bred
Of the abuſed *Will*; maintaind, and fed
With *ſenſuall Thoughts*; Of nature rude, uncivill;
Of life, robuſtious; and whoſe *Sire's* the Devill:
But *Love's* the Childe of *th'uncorrupted Will*,
Norriſht with *Vertue*, poys'ned with the *Swill*
Of baſe reſpects; Of nature, ſweet and milde;
In manners, gentle; eas'ly knowne, whoſe *Childe*;
For, by the likeneſſe, ev'ry eye may gather,
That he's the Off-ſpring of a heav'nly *Father*:
*This*, ſuffers all things; *That*, can ſuffer nothing;
*This*, never ends; *That*, ever ends in loathing:
T'one loves the *Darknes* moſt: The other, *Light*:
The laſt's the Childe of *Day*; The firſt, of *Night*;
*The one* is meeke; *The other*, full of Fyre;
*This* never laggs; *That* ever apt to tyre;
*T'ones* raſh and furious; *T'other* milde and ſage;
*That* dies with youth; whilſt *This* ſurvives with age;
The *One's* couragious; *Tother* full of Feares;
*That* ſeekes; *The other* baulks both eyes and eares:
In breife, to know them both aright, and miſſe not;
In all reſpects, *t'one* is, what *to'ther* is not:
So farre from *Brothers*, that they ſeeme diſioyn'd,
Not in *Condition* only, but in *kinde*:
Admit a Falſhood: that they had one *Mother*,
The beſt that *Luſt* can claime's a *Baſtard Brother*:

Great

Digitized by Google

Great God, must thou be conscious of that *Name*,
Which iealous Mortals count the height of shame?
And not thy Nuptiall *Bed* alone defil'd,
But to be charged with the base-borne *Childe*?
And yet not mov'd? and yet not move thy *Rod*?
Hast thou not cause to be a *Iealous God*?
Can thy iust *Iealousies*, Great God, be grounded,
On Mans disloyalty, not Man confounded?

20

*On a Tinder-Boxe.*

MY Soule is like to *Tinder*, whereinto
The Devill strikes a *Sparke*, at ev'ry blow;
My Hearts the *Flint*; The *Steele* Temptation is;
And his *Suggestions* hit, and never misse:
His *Hand* is sure; My *Tinder* apt to catch,
Soone sets on fier ev'ry profer'd *Match*.

21

*On* ACHITOPHEL.

SAge were thy *Counsels*, and as well apply'd,
If thou hadst had but *Loyalty* on thy side:
I like thy last *Designe* (above the rest)
When thou hadst set thy House in *order*, best:
In all Exploits, the *Rule* is not so ample,
Not halfe so beneficiall as th' *Example*:
Th' Almighty prosper Christian *Crownes*; and blesse
All such like *Counsels*, with the like successe:
Confound *Achitophel*: and, Lord, impart
His *Head* to us; and to our Foes, his *Heart*.

Digitized by Google Vn-

22

*On Sinne.*

*Vnhappy* man! *Whose every breath*
*Is* Sin: *Whose every Sin is death:*

SIN, first, Originall; Then our actuall *Sin:* (in,
Our *Sins* that sally forth: Our *Sins* that lurk with-
Our wilfull *Sins*; and worlds of *Sins*, by chance,
Our conscious *Sins*; our *Sins* of darker Ignorance,
Our oft-repeated *Sins*: *Sins* never reckon'd:
Gainst the first Table *Sins*: *Sins* done against the second,
Our pleading *Sins*; our *Sins* without a cause:
Our gospel-*Sins*; rebellious *Sins* against thy laws:
Our *Sins* against our vowes; fresh *Sins* agin:
*Sin* of infirmity; and high presumptious *Sin:*
Thus like our *Lines*, our Lives begin,
Continue, and conclude in *Sin:*

23

*On the Sun and starres.*

OVr dying Saviour's like the setting *Sun*;
His Saints, on earth, are like the *Stars of night*;
Experience tels us, till the Sun be gon,
The starres appeare not, and retaine no *light*:
Till *Sun-set* we descerne no Starres at all,
And Saints receive their Glory, in his *fall.*



Digitized by Google

24

*On* Absolon *and* Sampson.

*Sampsons* defect, and thy excesse of *hayre*, (*ayre*:
Gave him his death, oth' ground; thee, thine ith'
His thoughts were too depress'; thine sor'd too high;
As mortals live, so oftentimes, they die.

25

*On Gods favour.*

GOds favour's like the *Sun*, whose *beams* appeare
To all that dwell in the worlds *Hemisphеare*,
Though not to all, alike: To some, they expresse
Themselves more radiant, and to others, lesse:
To some, they rise more early; and they fall
More late to others, giving *day* to all: (pure
Some soyle's more grosse, and breathing more im-
And earthy *vapours* forth, whose foggs obscure
The darkned *Medium* of the moister aire;
Whilst other Soiles, more perfect, yield more rare
And purer *Fumes*; whereby, those *Beames appeare*,
To some, lesse glorious; and to some, more cleare:
It would be ever *Day*; *Day*, alwayes bright,
Did not our interposed *Earth* make night:
The *Sun* shines alwaies strenuous and faire,
But, ah, our sins, our *Clouds* benight the ayre:
Lord, drayne the *Fenns* of this my Boggy soule,
Whose grosser *vapours* make my day so foule;
Thy SON hath strength enough to chase away
These rising *Foggs*, and make a glorious *Day*:

Rise

Digitized by Google

Riſe, and ſhine alwaies cleare; but moſt of all,
Let me behold thy glory, in thy *Fall*;
That being ſett, poore I (my fleſh being hurld
From this) may meet thee, in another *world*.

26

*On a ſpirituall Fever.*

MY ſoule hath had a *Fever*, a long while;
O, I can neither relliſh, nor digeſt;
My nimble *Pulſes* beat; my *veynes* doe boile;
I cannot cloſe mine eyes, I cannot reſt:
O, for a *Surgeon*, now, to ſtrike a Vaine!
That, that would lay my *Heate*, and eaſe my *Paine*:
No, no, It is thy *Blood*, and not my owne,
Thy *Blood* muſt cure me, *Ieſus*, or elſe none.

27

*On Davids choiſe.*

FAmine? the *Sword*? the *Peſtilence*? which is leaſt,
When all are great? which worſt, when bad's the beſt?
It is a point of *Mercy*, yet, to give
A choiſe of death to ſuch, as muſt not live:
But was the choiſe ſo hard? It ſeemes to me,
There was a worſe, and better of the three,
Though all extreame: Me thinks, the help of hands
Might ſwage the firſt; The *bread* of forraine lands
Might patch their lives, & make ſome ſlender ſhift
To ſave a while, with neceſſary thrift:
Me thinks, the ſecond ſhould be leſſe extreame
Then that; Alas! poore *Iſrael* could not dreame


Digitized by Google

Of too much *peace*, that had so oft division
Among themselves, and forrain opposition:
Besides, their King was *martiall*; his acts *glorious*;
His heart was *valiant*, and his hand *victorious*;
Me thinks a Conquerour, a *Man oth' sword*
Should nere be puzzeld at so poore a *word*:
In both, however, *David*, at the worst,
Might well presume he should not die the first.
But ô, the *Plague's* impartiall; It respects
No quality of *Person*, *Age*, nor *Sex*:
The Royall *brest's* as open to her hand
As is the looseſt *Peasant* in the land:
*Famin?* the *Sword?* the *Pest'lence? David* free,
To take his choice? and pick the worst of three?
He that gave *David* power to refuse,
Instructed *David*, in the Art to chuse;
He knew, no forrain Kingdõe could afford (*Sword*
Supply, where God makes *Dearth*: He knew the
Would want an arm; the arm would want her skill;
And skill, *succesſe*, where heav'n prepares to kill:
He knew, there was no truſt, no safe recourse
To *Martiall* man, or to his warlike *horse*;
But it is Thou, *Great God*, the only close
Of his best thoughts, and the secure repose
Of all his *truſt*; He yields to kisse thy *Rod*;
Israel was thine, and thou art *Israels* God:
He knew thy gratious *wont*, thy wonted *Grace*;
He knew, thy *Mercy* tooke the upper place
Of all thy *Attributes*; T'was no adventure
To cast himselfe on *Thee*, the only Center
Of all his hopes; Thy *David knew* the danger
To fall toth' hands of man; or *frend*, or *stranger*:

Thus

Digitized by Google

Thus *Davids* filiall hopes, being anchor'd faſt
On Gods knowne *Mercy*, wiſely choſe the laſt:
If thou wilt give me *Davids* heart, Ile voyce,
Great God, with *David*; and make *Davids* choyce:
But ſtay; *deare Lord*, my tongue's too bold, too free,
To ſpeake of choyce, that merits all the *Three*.

28

*On Mans unequall diviſion.*

LOrd, 'tis a common courſe; w'are apt and free
To take the Beſt, and ſhare the worſt to Thee:
We Fleet the *Mornings* for our owne Deſigne;
Perchance, the Flotten *Afternoones* are thine:
Thou giv'ſt vs *Silke*; we offer *Cammills-hayre*;
Thy *bleſſings* march ith' *Front*; our *thanks*, ith' *Reare*.

29

*On Beggers.*

NO wonder that ſuch ſwarmes of *Beggers* lurke
In every ſtreet: 'Tis a worſe trade to worke
Then begge: Yet ſome, if they can make but ſhift
To live, will thinke it ſcorne to thrive by *gift*:
'Tis a brave mind; but yet no wiſe fore-caſt;
It is but Pride, and Pride will ſtoope at laſt;
We all are *Beggers*; ſhould be ſo, at leaſt;
Alas! we cannot worke: The very beſt
Our hands can doe, will not maintaine to live;
We can but hold them up, whilſt others give:
No ſhame for helples Man, to pray in aid;
Great *Sol'mon* ſcornd not to be *free o'th' Trade*;



Digitized by Google

He begg'd an *Almes* and blusht not; For the *Boone*
He got, was treble fairer then his *Crowne*:
No wonder that he thriv'd by begging, so;
He was both *Begger* and a *Chuser* too:
O who would trust to *Worke*, that may obtaine
The Suit he beggs, without or *sweat*, or *paine*!
O what a priviledge, Great God, have we,
That have the Honour, but to begge on thee!
Thou dost not fright us with the tort'ring *Whips*
Of *Bedels*; nor dost answere our faint lips
With churlish language; Lord, thou dost not praise
The stricter *Statute* of last *Henryes* dayes:
Thou dost not dampe us with the empty voyce
Of *Nothing for yee*: If our clam'rous noyse
Should chance t'importune, turn'st thy gracious eye
Vpon our wants, and mak'st a quick supply:
Thou dost not brand us with th'opprobrious name
Of idle *vagabonds*: Thou know'st w'are *lame*,
And cannot worke; Thou dost not, *Pharo*-like,
Deny us *Straw*, and yet requier *Brick*:
Thou canst not heare us grone beneath our *Taske*,
But freely giv'st, what we have *Faith* to aske:
The most, for which my large desire shall plead,
To serve the present's but *a Loafe of Bread*,
Or but a *Token* (ev'n as Beggers use;)
That, of thy love, will fill my slender *Cruse*:
Lord, during life, Ile begge no greater *Boone*,
If at my Death, thou'lt give me but a *Crowne*.

My

Digitized by Google

30

*On the two Children.*

MY *Fleſh* and *Spirit*, Lord, are like thoſe payre
Of *Infants*, whoſe ſad Mothers did repayre
To *Iuſtice*: T'one is *quick*; the other *dead*:
The two promiſcuous Parents that doe plead
For the live Childe, is *Thee* and *Sathan*, Lord:
Both claime alike; Iuſtice cals forth the *Sword*,
And ſeeing both, with equall teares, complaine,
Proffers to cleave the *Children* both in twaine;
And make them equall ſharers in the ſame
That both doe challenge, and what both diſclaime:
*Sathan* applaudes the motion, and replyde;
Nor *thine*, nor *mine*, but let them both divide;
And give alike to both: But thou, deare Lord,
Diſlik'ſt the Iuſtice of th'unequall *Sword*:
Rather then ſhare it *dead*, thou leav'ſt to ſtrive,
And wilt not own't at all, if not *alive*: (ther
The *Sword's* put vp, and ſtraight condemnes the o-
To be the falſe; calls Thee, the *nat'rall Mother*:
Lord of my Soule; It is but Sathans wilde,
To cheate thy boſome of thy *living Childe*;
Hee'd have the Queſtion by the *Sword* decided,
Knowing the Soule's but dead, if onee *divided*:
My better part is thine, and thine alone;
Take thou the *Fleſh*, and let him gnaw the *Bone*.



Digitized by Google

31

*On two Myſteries.*

A Perfect *Virgin*, to bring forth a *Son!*
*One*, three entyre; and *Three*, entirely One!
Wonder of Wonders! How might all this come?
*We muſt be deafe, when th'holy Spirit's dumb:*
Spare to enquire it: Thou ſhalt never know,
Till *Heav'n* diſſolve, and the laſt *Trump* ſhall blow.

32

*A forme of Prayer.*

IF thou wouldſt learne, not knowing how, to pray,
Adde but a *Faith*, and ſay as *Beggers* ſay;
*Maſter, I'm poore, and blinde, in great diſtreſſe;*
*Hungry and lame, and cold, and comfortleſſe:*
*O, ſuccour him, that's graveld on the Shelf*
*Of payne, and want, and cannot help himſelf;*
*Caſt downe thine eye upon a wretch, and take*
*Some pitty on me for ſweet Ieſus ſake:*
But hold! Take heed this Clauſe be not put in;
*I never begg'd before, nor will agin:*
Note this withall, That Beggers move their plaints
At all times *Ore tenus*, not by *Saints*.

23

*On* Solomon *and the Queene of* Sheba.

IT ſpreds: The ſweet *perfume* of *Salomons* Fame
Affects the *Coaſts*; And his illuſtrious name

Digitized by Google
Can

Cannot be hid: The vnbeliev'd report
Muſt flye with Eagles wings, to th'honourd *Court*
Of princely *Sheba: Sheba* muſt not reſt,
Vntill her eye become th'invited Gueſt
Of *Fames* loud Trumpet; her impatience ſtrives
With light-foot *Time*, while her Ambition drives
Her *Chariot* wheeles, and gives an ayry paſſage
To'th' quick deliv'ry of her hearts *Embaſſage*:
*True wiſdome planted in the hearts of Kings,*
*Needs no more glory then the glory'it brings;*
*And, like the Sun, is viewd by her owne light,*
*B'ing, by her owne reflection, made more bright:*
The emulous *Queen's* arriv'd; *Shee's* gon toth' *Court*;
No eye-delighting *Maſque?* no Princely *Sport*,
To entertaine her? No, her eye, her eare
Is taken up, and ſcornes to ſee, to heare
Inferiour things: Sh'allowes her eare, her eye
No leſſe then *Oracles*, and *Maieſtie*:
*How empty, paſtimes doe reſolve and flye*
*To their true nothing, when true wiſedome's by!*
Th'arrived *Queene* has *Audience*; moves; diſputes;
Wiſe *Solomon* attends; replyes; confutes;
*Sh'*objects; *he* anſweres; *She* afreſh propounds;
*She* proves; maintaines it; *he* decides; confounds:
*She* ſmiles; *ſhe* wonders; being overdaz'd
With his bright beams, ſtands ſilent; ſtands amaz'd:
*How Scripture-like* Apocrypha's *appeare*
*To common Books! how poore, when* Scripture's *neare!*
The Queene is pleas'd, who never yet did know
The blaſt of *Fame*, leſſe prodigall, then now;
For now, the greateſt part of what ſhe knew
By Fame, is found the leaſt of what is true;



Digitized by Google

*We often find, that Fame, in prime of youth,*
*Does adde to Falshood, and subtract from Truth:*
The thankfull Queene do's, with a lib'rall hand,
Presents him with the *Riches* of her Land:
*Where Wisedome goes before, we often finde*
*That temp'rall Blessings seldome stay behinde:*
Lord, grant me *wisedome*; and I shall possesse
Enough; have *more*, or have content with *lesse*.

33

*On* Rehoboam.

COuld dying Parents, at their peacefull death,
Make but a firme *Assurance*, or bequeath
Their living Vertues; Could they recommend
Their *wisedome* to their heyrs; Could *hearts* descend
Vpon the bosome of succeeding Sons,
As well as *Scepters* doe; as well as *Thrones*;
Sure *Rehoboams* Reigne had found increase
Of *Love* and *Honour*, and had dyed in *peace*:
Kingdomes are transitory: *Scepters* goe
Frō hand, to hand; and *Crownes*, frō brow, to brow;
But *Wisedome* marches on another guize:
They'r two things, to be *Worldly great*, and *wise*;
It was the selfe-same *Scepter* that came downe
From *Solomon* to thee: The selfe same *Crowne*,
That did enclose his Princely browes, and thine;
The selfe same *flesh and blood*, the next o'th' Line;
The selfe-same *people* were alive, to blesse
Thy prosp'rous dayes; But not the same *succesſe*:
Where rests the fault? what secret mischiefe can
*Vn-same* thy peace? 'Twas not the selfe same *Man*.

Twa's

Digitized by Google

34

*On the Prophet slaine by a Lyon.*

TWas not for *malice*; not for want of *Food*,
The obvious *Lyon* shed this *Prophets* blood:
Where faithlesse man neglects the sacred *Law*
Of God; there, beasts abate their servile *awe*
To man: When Man dares take a dispensation,
By sin, to frustrate th'end of Mans *Creation*,
The Beasts, oft-times, by mans Example, doe
Renounce the end of their *Creation* too:
The *Prophet* must abstaine: He was forbid;
He must not eate: And yet the *Prophet* did:
Th'obedient *Lyon* had command to shed
That *Prophets* Blood: and see, the *Prophet's* dead:
O, how corrupt's the nature of Mans *Will*,
That breaks those Lawes which very *Beasts* fulfill!

35

*On Ahab.*

HOw *Ahab* longs! *Ahab* must be possest
Of *Naboths Vineyard*, or can find no rest:
His tongue must second his unlawfull eye:
*Ahab* must sue: and *Naboth* must denye:
*Ahab* growes sullen; he can eat no Bread;
His Body prostrates on his restlesse Bed:
*Unlawfull Lust immoderate often brings*
*A loathing in the use of lawfull things:*
*Ahabs* desier must not be with-stood,
It must be purchas'd, though with *Naboths* Blood.



Digitized by Google

*Witneſſe* muſt be ſuborn'd: *Naboth* muſt lie
Open to *Law*; muſt be condemn'd; and dye:
His Goods muſt be confiſcate to the *Crowne*;
Now *Ahab's* pleas'd; The *Vineyard's* now his owne:
*Vnlawfull Pleaſures, when they joſtle further*
*Then ordinary bounds, oft end in murther.*
Me thinkes, the Grapes that cluſter from that *Vine*,
Should (being preſt) afford more *blood* then *wine*.

36

*On* Rehoboam.

PEople have *Balances*; wherein to weigh (wray
Their new-crown'd *Princes*; which can ſoon be-
Their native *worth*: Some counterpoyſe th'allow:
Vnhappy *Iſrael* had not weights enow,
To weigh thy *Fingers*: *Heads* can never reſt
In peace, when their poore members are oppreſt:
Had thy unlucky *Fingers* weigh'd no more
Then thy light *Iudgement*; had thy Iudgement bore
But halfe the burthen of thy *Fingers* weight,
Thou hadſt bin proſp'rous, both in *Crowne*, & *State*:
*The Lyon's knowne by's Paw*; The people ſpends
Their Iudgement of a Prince by's *Fingers ends*.

37

*On leprous* Naaman.

THe *Leper*, prompted with his lothſome griefe,
Seekes to the King of *Iſrael* for reliefe:
But *Naamans* vayne deſiers could not thrive;
*Iſrel's* no God; to *kill*, or *make alive*:

The

*The Morall Man is of too meane a Stature,*
*To reach his hand above the head of* Nature:
The willing Prophet undertakes the *Cure*;
The *Leper* must goe *wash*, and be secure
From his *Disease*: He must goe paddle straight,
In *Iordan's water*: 'Tis a faire *Receipt*:
And why in *Iordan?* Have our *Syrian streames*
Lesse pow'r then *Isr'els?* sure the Prophet dreames:
*How hard it is for Mortals to rely*
*On Faith! How apt is sense, to question, why?*
The *Cure* perplexes more then the *Disease*;
Prophets prescribe no better *meanes* then these?
I look'd his Ceremonious hand should stroke
The *place*; I look'd the Prophet should invoke:
*Some men would faine be cleane, if God would stay*
*Their times, or would but cure them their owne way:*
The techy *Leper* is displeas'd; hee'l hence:
The *Iordan Prophet* dallyes against sense:
His wiser servants urge their hasty Lord
To *Iordan's streames*: He washes; is restor'd:
*How good a God have we, whose grace fulfils*
*Our choyce desires oft-times against our wills!*
The *Lepers* clens'd; And now he dos applaud
Not *Isr'els streames* alone, but *Isr'els God*:
The Prophet must have thanks, and Gold beside:
The *thanks* are taken, but the *Gold's* deny'd:
*Who would not deale with Thee, that art not nice,*
*To sell such Pen'worths at so small a price!*
*Naaman*, in lieu of his refus'd reward,
*Vowes* the true God; provided, when his Lord
Shall serve ith house of *Rimmon*, if he bow
For fashion-sake, he may secure his *Vow*:


Digitized by Google

*Some will not ſtick to lend their God a houſe,*
*Might they reſerve one roome for their owne uſe:*
*Gehazi* thinks the Cure too cheape; He ſoone
Oretakes the *Lepers Chariot*, asks a *Boone*
I'th' *Prophets* name: But marke what did befall;
He got his *Boone*; but got his plague withall:
*Vnlawfull gaines are leaſt what they appeare,*
*And ill got Gold is alwayes bought too deare:*
Lord, I did waſh in *Iordan*, and was cur'd;
My *Fleſh*, that falſe *Gehazi*, hath procur'd
A ſinfull *purchaſe*, having over-run
The cleanſed *Naaman* of my Soule: What's done
By falſe *Gehazi*, let *Gehazi* beare;
Let *Naamans Leproſie* alone ſtick there;
O, cleanſe them both, or if that may not be,
Lord, ſtrike *Gehazi*; and keepe *Naaman* free.

38

*On Chamber-Chriſtians.*

NO matter whether (ſome there be that ſay)
Or goe to *Church*, or ſtay at *home*, if pray:
*Smiths* dainty *Sermons* have, in plenty, ſtor'd me
With better ſtuffe, then *Pulpits* can afford me:
Tell me, why pray'ſt thou? Heav'n commanded ſo:
Art not commanded to his *Temples* to?
Smal ſtore of manners! when thy Prince bids *Come*,
And feaſt at *Court*; to ſay, *I've meat at home*.

Lord,

Digitized by Google

39

*On the Widowes Cruſe.*

LOrd, I'm in *debt*, and have not wherewithall
To pay: My *ſcore* is great; my *wealth* but ſmall;
My *houſe* is poorely furniſht, and my *Food*
Is ſlender; I have nothing that is good:
Lord, if my waſted *Fortunes* prove no better,
My *Debt* is ev'n as deſp'rate as the *Detter*:
All the reliefe thy ſervant this long while,
Hath had, is but a little *Cruſe* of *Oyle*;
There's none will give of *Almes*: I neither get
Enough to ſatisfie my *wants*, nor *debt*:
Lord, if thee pleaſe to ſhow the ſelfe ſame Art
Vpon the ſlender *veſſell* of my Heart,
Thy *Prophet* did, upon the *Widowes Cruſe*,
I ſhall have Oyle to ſell, have Oyle to *uſe*;
So ſhall my *Debt* be paid, and I go free;
No Debt is deſp'rate, in reſpect of Thee.

40

*On the ſwimming Axe.*

THe borrow'd *Axe* fell in: 'Twas loſt; lamented;
The *Prophet* moov'd; the *Workman* diſcontented;
A *Stick* hewne downe; and by the *Prophets* hand,
Throwne in; The *Axe* did float, and came aland:
And why a *Stick*? Had that the pow'r to call
The *maſſy Iron* up? Sure, none at all:
*Moſes* muſt uſe his *Rod*; *Moſes*, I doubt it,
Had beene but lame, but impotent without it;

Nor

Digitized by Google

Nor could that *Rod* have ſcourged *Pharoes* Land,
Had it beene waved by an *other* hand:
God often works by *meanes*, and yet not ſo,
But that he can, as well without them, too.
God can ſave Man without the help of Man,
But will not; Wils not alwayes what he can:
Something is left for us: we muſt not lye
Ith' ditch, and cry, *And if we dye we dye*:
We muſt not lye like *Blocks*, relying on (done:
The workmans *Axe*; There's ſomething muſt be
The workmans *Axe* perchance had never bin
Recald againe, if not the *ſticke* throwne in:
We muſt be doing, yet thoſe *Deeds*, as our,
Have no more native vertue, nay, leſſe power
To ſave us, then that *ſticke* had, to recall
The *Axe* from the deepe bottome of his Fall:
I will be doing; but repoſe in *Him*;
Throw I in *ſticks*, hee'l make my *Iron* ſwim.

41

*On* Baals *Preiſts.*

*Ehu's* crown'd King; *Iehu* the King muſt fall
To *Ahabs* God: *Iehu* muſt worſhip *Baal*:
The gods-divided people muſt goe call
*Baals* ſacred *Preiſts*: *Iehu* muſt worſhip *Baal*:
None muſt be left behind; They muſt come all;
*Iehu* muſt burne a Sacrifice to *Baal*:
The *Prieſts* come puffing in; both great and ſmall,
Muſt wait on *Iehu* that muſt worſhip *Baal*:
*Baals houſe* is fill'd and crouded to the wall
With people, that are come to worſhip *Baal*:

Digitized by Google What

What must there now be done? what Offring shall
Perfume *Baals nostrils?* ev'n the Preists of *Baal:*
*Baals* holy *Temple's* now become a *Stall*
Of Preistly flesh; of fleshly Priests for *Baal*;
How would our *Gospell* flourish, if that all
Princes, like *Iehu*, would but worship *Baal*!

42

*On the Tempter.*

HOw dares thy *Bandog*, Lord, presume t'approch
Into thy sacred presence? or incroach
Vpon thy choyce *possessions*, to devoure
Thy sporting *Lambs?* To counterfeit thy pow'r,
And to usurpe thy *Kingdome*, ev'n as He
Were, Lord, at least, a *Substitute* to Thee?
Why dost not rate him? why does he obtaine
Such favour to have liberty'of his *Chaine?*
Have we not *Enemies* to counterbuffe,
Enow? Is not the *Flesh*, the *World* enough
To foyle us? this *abroad*, and that at *home*;
But must that Sathan, must that *Bandogg* come
T'afflict the *weake*, and take the *stronger* side?
O, are there not enow, enow beside?
Is there not odds enough, when we have none
But mighty *Foes*; nay, *Rebels* of our owne,
Beneath a false disguise of love and peace,
That still betray vs? Are not these, all these
Sufficient, to encounter and o'rethrow
Poore sinfull Man; but must that *Bandogg* too,
Assault us, Lord? We dare not cast our eyes
Our timerous eyes to Heav'n, we dare not rise



Digitized by Google

From off our aking knees, to plead our caſe,
When he can commune with thee *face to face*;
Nay more, were it but poſſible to doe,
Would draw thee, Lord, to his bold *Faction* too.
Lord, lend me but thy power to reſiſt
What *Foes* thou ſendſt, & ſend what Foes thou liſt:
It is thy *Battaile*: If thou pleaſe to warme
My blood, and find the *ſtrength*, Ile find the *Arme*;
March thou i'th' *Front*; Ile follow in the *Reare*;
Come then ten thouſand *Bandogs*, Ile not feare.

43

*On a Cypher.*

*Cyphers* to *Cyphers* added, ſeeme to come
(With thoſe that know not *Art*) to a great *ſum*:
But ſuch as skill in *Numeration*, know,
That worlds of *Cyphers*, are but worlds of *ſhow*:
We ſtand thoſe *Cyphers*, ere ſince *Adams* fall;
We are but *ſhow*; we are no *ſumme* at all:
Our boſome-pleaſures, and delights, that doe
Appeare ſo glorious, are but *Cyphers* too:
High-prized *honour*; *Friends*; This *houſe*; The *tother*,
Are but one *Cypher* added to another:
Reckon by rules of *Art*, and tell me, than,
How great is thy *Eſtate*, Ingenious Man?
Lord, be my *Figure*, Then it ſhall be knowne
That I am *Somthing*: *Nothing*, if alone:
I care not in what *place*, in what *degree*;
I doe not weigh how ſmall my *Figure* be:
But as I am, I have nor worth, nor *vigure*:
I am thy *Cypher*; O, be thou my *Figure*.

The

Digitized by Google

44

*On* Haman *and* Mordecay.

THe *King* wold fain take reſt; But thought denies
To pay her nightly *Tribute* to his eyes:
The Perſian *Cronicle* muſt be brought, to ſet
His eyes in quiet, till they'r payd the *debt*:
He turnes the leaves; The firſt he lights upon,
Is the *true ſervice* of *Mordecay* had done:
*Heav'n often works his ends, at ſuch a ſeaſon,*
*When Man has will to baniſh ſenſe, and Reaſon:*
His loyall ſervice muſt be now recall'd
To bleſt remembrance: *Haman* muſt be call'd
To Councell; queſtion'd, but not know the thing,
The King intends: He muſt adviſe the *King*,
What *Ceremony* muſt be us'd, what *Coſt*,
What *Honor*, where the King ſhall honor moſt?
*Obſerve but in the Progreſſe of this Story,*
*How God turnes Factor for his Servants glory:*
*Haman* perſwaded that ſuch *honour* can
Fit none but him; nere queſtions, *Who's the Man?*
His more ambitious thoughts are now providing
A *Horſe of State*, for his owne Princely riding;
In briefe; his Iudgement is, That ſuch a *One*,
Muſt lack no Honor, *but the Royall Throne:*
*How apt is Man to flatter his owne heart!*
*How faire a Debter to his falſe deſert!*
The royall *Horſe* is ready, all things fit,
That could be broach'd by a vain-glorious witt:
*Haman* expects his anſwere; His Ambition
Spurrs on, wants nothing but his *large Commiſſion*.



Digitized by Google

*Haman* must haste with all the speed he can,
And see it done: But *Mordecay's the Man:*
*God often crownes his Servants at their Cost,*
*That hate their persons, and disdaine them most:*
Lord, if thou please to make me but thine owne,
I shall have *Honour*, spight of *Honours frowne.*

45

*On* Iobs *Temptations.*

GOd questions *Sathan:* Boasts his *Iobs* desert,
In the perfection of a *Simple Heart:*
*Iobs Faith* was fervent; Sathan was as chill
To yeeld it; but must yeeld against his will;
Condemnes it to be *Servile*, to be bought
With *Gods* own coyne: *Dos Iob serve God for nought?*
*It is a common trick, the Tempter uses,*
*The Faith he cannot conquer, he abuses:*
Alas, that *Faith* requires not so much praise,
'Tis a good *Faith*, as *Faiths* goe now adayes:
Is it not strengthen'd by thy' indulgent hand,
That blest his *Labours*, and inricht his *Land?*
Puffe out the *Fire*, his Faith will quickly chill:
Sathan puffe thou; nay Sathan puffe thy will:
*Nor Ebbe nor Floud of small, or great estate,*
*Are certaine Badges of Gods love, or Hate:*
What's now to doe? Poore *Iob* must be bereaven
Of all his stronger *Herds*; *Fire*, sent from Heaven,
Must burne his fruitfull *Flocks*, that none remaine;
His *houses* fall; and all his *Children* slaine;
And yet not curse? Alas, poore *Iob* adresses
His thoughts to heav'n; he worships God & *blesses:*

The

Digitized by Google

*The lively Faith that can retaine her God,*
*May groane; but ſeldome rave beneath the Rod.*
But what ſayes *Sathan* now? The *hedge* is broke,
That fenc'd my Servant *Iob*: What further *Cloke*
For his uprightneſſe hath he? what *pretence*
For his continued Love and Innocence?
Has not thy malice had her owne deſire?
'Twas ſoundly puff'd; thy *Puffs* have blown the *fire:*
*Gods Tryals are like Bellows: Sathan's Blower,*
*Blowes out falſe Faiths, makes true ones blaze the more.*
True Lord; His *Faith* is tough: But *Snailes* as well
Can thrive without, as live within their *Shell:*
To ſave a *life* who would not loſe ſome *skin?*
Touch but his *Hornes*, O how hee'l draw them in!
*Sathan* I give thy malice leave, be free
To peele the *Barke*, but ſpare to touch the *Tree:*
*Feare not ye little Flock: The greateſt ill*
*Your Foes can doe's to ſcratch; They cannot kill.*
What now's th'exployt? Afflicted *Iob* does lye,
A very *Hoſpitall* of miſery:
I thinke, that all the *Vlcers* that have bin
In Egypt cur'd, are broken out again
In his diſtempered Fleſh; yet *Iob* is ſtill
The very ſame, nor charg'd his God with ill:
*A Faith that lodges in a double Breſt,*
*May ſtand the touch; None but true Faiths, the Teſt;*
If theſe be *Flames* poore man muſt ſwelter in,
He needs a *World* a patience, not to ſin.



Digitized by Google

46

*On bauling Curres.*

I Feard the world and I were too acquainted;
I hope my feares are, like her loyes, but painted:
Had I not bin a *Stranger*, as I paſt,
Her bauling *Curres* had never barkd ſo faſt.

47

*On* DAVID.

STands it with State, that Princely *David*, who
Did *weare* the *Crown*, ſhould *play* the *Harper* too?
He playes and ſings; His glory nere diſdaines
To dance, and to receive a *Crowne* for's paines:
Tis no diſparagement, 'tis no miſpriſion
Of State, to play before the *Great Muſition*.

48

*On* ABRAHAM.

THe word is out: Poore *Abr'am* muſt be gon;
Muſt take his *Iſaak*; take his onely Son;
The Son of his *Affection*; him, from whom,
From whoſe bleſt *loynes* ſo many *Kings* muſt come:
Ev'n him muſt *Abr'am* ſlay, *Abr'am* muſt riſe,
And offer *Iſaac* a *burnt Sacrifice*.
*God ſcornes the Offals of our faint deſires;*
*He gives the beſt, and hee the beſt requires.*
*Abr'am* forbeares to queſtion; thinks not good
To reaſon, to adviſe with *Fleſh* and *Blood*;

Begs

Digitized by Google

Begs not young *Isaacks* life, nor goes about
T'object the *Law of Murther*; makes no doubt:
He riſes, riſes early; leads his Son;
Haſts where this holy *Slaughter* muſt be done:
*Where God bids* Goe; *that very Breath's a Warrant*;
*We muſt not linger there: Haſte crownes the Arrant.*
His Servants muſt no further: They muſt ſtay;
*Private Devotion claimes a private way:*
They muſt abide with th' *Aſſe*, whilſt th'aged Syre
In t'one hand takes the *knife*; in t'other, *Fire:*
The ſacred *Wood* of *Offring* muſt be pil'd
On the young ſhoulders of th'obedient *Childe:*
*O here mine eye muſt ſpend a teare, to ſee*
*Thee beare that Wood, great God, that, ſince, bore Thee:*
Miſtruſtles *Isaac* ſeeing the *wood*, the *fire*,
The *ſacrificing Knife*, begins t'enquire,
*But where's the Sacred Lamb, that muſt be ſlaine?*
Reſolved *Abra'm* left the *fleſh* ſhould gaine
Too much of *Nature*) ſayes not, *Thou my Son*
*Art he*; but, *The Almighty will provide us One:*
*Where God commands, 'tis not enough t'effect,*
*But we muſt baulk th'occaſion of neglect.*
The faithfull *Abra'm* now erects an *Alter*;
Orders the *wood:* what tongue can chuſe but falter,
To tell the reſt? He layes his hand upon
His wondring *Isaac*; binds his only *Son*;
He layes him downe; vnſheath's his Prieſtly *knife*;
Vp-heaves his arme, to take his *Isaacks* life:
*True Faith is active: Covets to proceed*
*From thought to action; and from will to deed:*
Before the ſtrengthned ſtroke had time to fall,
A Sudden voyce from Heav'n cryes *hold*; *Recall*

*Thy*

Digitized by Google

*Thy threatning Arme, and ſheath thy holy Knife,*
*Thy Faith has anſwer'd for thy* Iſaac's *life;*
*Touch not the Childe; thy Faith is throughly ſhowne,*
*That has not ſpar'd thine owne, thine only Son:*
How eaſie is our God, and liberall, who
Counts it as don, what we have will to doe!

49

*On* Cenſorio.

*Cenſorio* takes in hand, by ſharp reproofe,
To mend his Brothers error, and to ſnuffe
His darkned Flame; and yet *Cenſorio's* crimes
Are rankt among the fouleſt of the Times:
Let none preſume, *Cenſorio*, to controule
Or top the dim *light* of anothers Soule,
If not more pure then him, that is controll'd:
*The Temple-Snuffers muſt be perfect Gold.*

50

*On* Mordecay *and* Haman.

TWo *Steeds* appointed were by *Hamans* hand;
The one at *Graſſe*; The other Steed did ſtand
In *Perſia's Mues*: The *former* was providing
For *Mordecay*; the laſt for *Hamans* riding:
But ſince, in order, laſt things prove the worſt,
*Hamans* ambition drove him to the Firſt:
But ſee, proud *Hamans* prouder *Steed* did caſt
His glorious rider, whileſt the *Iew* ſits faſt:
What matter *Haman? Fortune*, though no Friend
Of thine, firſt brought thee to thy *Iourneyes end.*

The

Digitized by Google

41

*On three Fooles.*

THe Wiſeman ſayes, *It is a Wiſe mans part,*
*To keepe his tongue cloſe priſ'ner in his heart;*
If he be then a Foole, whoſe thought denies
*There is a God,* how deſp'rately unwiſe,
How more then Foole is he, whoſe language ſhall
Proclaime in publike, *There's no God at all!*
What then are they, nay Fooles, in what degree,
Whoſe Actions ſhall maintain't? *Such Fooles are we.*

52

*On miſerable man.*

*Adam*, the higheſt pitch of perfect nature,
And lively image of his great *Creator*,
Declin'd his God; and, by one ſinfull *Deed*,
Deſtroy'd himſelfe, and ruin'd all his *ſeed*.
How wretched, then, how deſp'rate's our Condition,
Whoſe ev'ry minute makes a repetition
Of greater ſins, againſt both light of *Nature*,
And *Grace*, againſt *Creation* and *Creator*!
Alas! we claime not by *deſcent*, alone,
But add by hourely purchaſe of our owne:
There is no *breach* of Loyalty, no *ſin*
We are imperfect, and unpractis'd in;
Shall not a world of *Sins* bring ruine, then,
To *One*; when one *Sin* ſlew a world of men?



Digitized by Google

53

*On Mans two enemies.*

TWo potent Enemies attend on Man:
*T'one's* fat and plump; The *other* leane and wan;
*T'one* faunes and smiles; *The other* weepes as fast;
The first *Presumption* is; *Despaire*, the last:
That feeds upon the *bounty* of full Treasure;
Brings iolly newes of *Peace*, and lasting *pleasure*:
*This* feeds on *want*, unapt to entertaine
Gods *Blessings*: Finds them ever in the *waine*:
Their *Maximes* disagree; But their *Conclusion*
Is the selfe same: Both jump in Mans *Confusion*:
Lord, keepe me from the *first*, or else, I shall
Sore up and melt my waxen wings, and fall:
Lord, keepe the *second* from me; lest I, then,
Sinke downe so low, I never rise agen:
Teach me to know my selfe, and what I am,
And my *Presumption* will be turnd to *shame*:
Give me true *Faith*, to know thy dying Son,
What Ground has then *Despaire* to worke upon?
T'avoid my shipwrack upon either *Shelfe*,
O, teach me, Lord, to know *my God*; my *selfe*.

54

*On Queene* ESTER.

ILlustrious *Princesse*, had thy chance not beene,
To be a *Captive*, thou hadst bin no *Queene*:
Such is the *Fortune*, our *Misfortune* brings;
Had we not first bin *Slaves*, w'ad nere beene *Kings*.

Have

Digitized by Google

55

*On Slanders.*

HAve ſland'rous tongues bin buſie to defame
The pretious *Oyntment* of my better name?
Or hath cenſorious baſeneſſe gone about
With her rude blaſt to puffe my *Taper* out?
They have: And let their full mouthd *bellowes* puffe;
It is their *Breath* that ſtinks, and not my *Snuffe*:
I, let them ſnarle and burſt, that I may ſmile;
Doe, let them jerk, and I will laugh the while:
They cannot ſtrike beyond my patience; No,
Ile beare, and take it for an *Honour* too;
The height that my *Ambition* ſhall flye,
Is only to deſerve their *Calumny*:
O, what a Iudgement 'twere, if ſuch as they
Should but allow my *Actions*, and betray
My endangered *name*, by their maligne applauſe,
To good *Opinion*, That were a juſt Cauſe
Of *Griefe* indeed! but to be made the Story
Of ſuch baſe tongues, it is my *Crowne*, my *Glory*:
I, let them ſpend their *Duſt* againſt the winde,
And bark againſt the *Moone*, till they be blind,
And weary; Let their malice not forbeare
To baule at *Innocence*, to wound and teare
An abſent name, whilſt their unhallowed tongues
Make me a glorious *Martyr* in their wrongs:
I beg no Favour; Nay, my hearts deſire
Is ſtill to be *calcin'd* by ſuch a Fyre;
That, in concluſion, all men may behold
A faire gilt *Counter*, from a *Crowne of Gold*.



Digitized by Google

Great God, I care not this, how foule I ſeeme
To *Man*; may I be faire in thy *eſteeme*:
It matters not how *light* I ſeeme to be
To the baſe world, ſo I be *weight* to Thee.

56.

*On* Nabvchadnezzer.

WHat luckleſſe Accident hath bred ſuch ods
Betwixt great *Babels Monarch*, and his *Gods*,
That they ſo oft diſturbe him, and affright
His broken ſlumbers with the *Dreames* of night!
Alas, what hath this Princely *Dreamer* done,
That he muſt quit the *Glory* of his Throne,
His Royall *Scepter*, his Imperiall *Crowne*?
Muſt bee expeld his *Honour*, and come downe
Below the meaneſt *Slave*, and, for a Seaſon,
Be baniſht from the uſe, the Act of *Reaſon*?
Muſt be exil'd from *humane ſhape*, and chew
The cudde, and muſt be moiſtned with the dew
Of heav'n; nay, differ in no other thing
From the bruit beaſt, but that *he was a King*:
What ayle thy Gods, that they are turn'd ſo rough,
So full of rage? what, had they meat enough
To fill their *golden* Stomacks? Was thy knee
Bent oft enough? what might the reaſon be?
Alas, poore harmeleſſe things! it was not they;
'Twas not their wills: I dare be bold to ſay,
They knew it not: It was not they that did it;
They had no pow'r to *act*, or to *forbid* it:
Deſerv'dſt thou not, Great King, the ſtile of *Beaſt*,
To ſerve ſuch Gods, whoſe Deities can digeſt

Their

Digitized by Google

Their ſervants open wrongs? that could diſpenſe
With what they endure without the leaſt offence?
Illuſtrious *Beaſt*, methinks thy better'd ſtate
Has no great reaſon to complaine of *Fate*:
Thou art more neere to him thou didſt adore,
By one *degree*, then ere thou wert before:
'Tis ſome promotion; That there is leſſe ods
Betwixt thy *Nature*, and thy *ſenſleſſe Gods*.

57

*On* Partio.

HAſt thou forſaken all thy *Sinnes*, but One?
Beleeve it, *Partio*; Th'aſt forſaken *None*.

58

*On Ignorance*:

THe greateſt *Friend* Religion hath t'advance
Her glory's unaffected *Ignorance*:
The burning *Taper* lends the faireſt light,
And ſhines moſt glorious, in the *ſhades of night*.

59

*On a great Battaile*.

WHen my rebellious *Fleſh* doth diſagree
With my reſiſting *Spirit*; me thinks, I ſee
Two mighty Princes draw into the *Field*,
Where one muſt win the *Day*; the other, yeeld:
They both prepare; Both ſtrike up their *Alarmes*;
Both march; Both well appointed in their *Armes*;



Digitized by Google

They both advance their *Banners*: T'one displayes
A *bloody Crosse*: The other Colours blaze
*A Globe terrestriall*: *Nature* carries one;
And *Grace*, the other: Each by's *Ensigne's* knowne:
They meet; encounter; *blowes* exchange for *blowes*;
Dart is returnd for Dart: They grapple; Close;
Their Fortune's hurryed with unequall *Sailes*;
Somtimes the *Crosse*; somtimes, the *Globe* prevailes.
We are that *Field*; And they that strive to win us,
Are *God* and *Sathan*; Those, that warre within vs,
The *Flesh* the *Spirit*: No parting of the *Fray*,
Till one shall win; the other, lose the *Day*:
My God, O weaken this rebellious *Flesh*,
That dares oppose: O, quicken and refresh
My dull and coward *Spirit*, that would yeeld,
And make proud Sathan *Master of the Field*: (good
Deare Lord, the *Field's* thy own; thou thoughtst it
To purchas't with my dying Saviours *Blood*:
'Tis thine, Great God, by *title*, and by *right*; (fight?
Why shouldst thou question, what's thy owne, by
Lord, keepe possession thou, and let th'accurst
And base *Vsurper* doe his best, his worst.

60

*On the World.*

THe World's an *Inne*; and I, her *Guest*;
I eate; I drinke; I take my Rest:
My *Hostesse* Nature, do's deny me
Nothing, wherewith she can supply me:
Where, having stayd a while, I pay
Her *lavish Bills*, and goe my way.

Away,

Digitized by Google

61

*On the Sabbath.*

AWay my *thoughts*: Away my *words*, my *deeds*;
Away, what ever nouriſhes and feeds
My frayle *delights*: Preſume not to approach
Into my preſence; dare not once t'encroach
Vpon the hallowed *Temple* of my Soule;
Ye are not for this *Day*; y'are all too foule:
Abide yee with the *Aſſe*, till I goe yonder,
And cleave the *Iſaac* of my heart in ſunder:
I muſt goe ſacrifice: I muſt goe pay,
I muſt performe my holy *vowes*, to day:
Tempt not my tender *Frailty*: I enjoyne
Your needfull abſence; y'are no longer mine:
But if it may not be, that we muſt ſever
Our yoakt affections, and not part for ever;
Yet give me leave, without offence, to borrow,
At leaſt, this day, although we meet to *morrow*.

62

*On Prayer.*

IN all our Prayres, th'Almighty do's regard
The Iudgement of the *Ballance*, not the *Yeard*:
He loves not *Words*, but *Matter*; 'Tis his pleaſure
To buy his Wares by *Weight*, and not by *Meaſure*.

Findſt

Digitized by Google

63

*On* FIDO.

FIndst thou no comfort on this fickle *Earth?*
No Ioy at all? No *Obiect* for thy Mirth?
Nothing but *Sorrow?* Nothing else, but *toyle?*
What, doe thy dayes shew nothing, worth a *smile?*
Doe worldly pleasures no contentment give?
Content thee, *Fido*, Th'ast not long to live.

64

*On* CHARISSA.

WOldst thou, *Charissa*, wish thy *fortunes* better,
Then, by thy *act*, to make thy *God* thy *Detter?*
Ile teach thee how to doe it: *Relieve the poore*;
And thou mayst safely set it on Gods *Score*.

65

*On* RAYMOND SEBVND.

I Wonder, *Raymond*, thy illustrious *Witt*,
Strengthned with so much *learning*, could cõmit
So great a Folly, as to goe about,
By Natures feeble *light*, to blazon out (Men
Such Hea'vn-bred *Mist'ryes*, which the hearts of
Cannot conceiue, much lesse the darkned *Pen*
Expresse; such secrets, at whose depth, the *Quire*
Of blessed Angels tremble, and admire:
Could thy vaine-glory lend no easier taske
To thy sublime *Attempt*, then to vnmaske

The

Digitized by Google

The glorious *Trinity*, whose Triune *face*
Was ne're discovered by the eye of *Grace*,
Much lesse by th'eye of *Nature*, being a story
Objected only to the Eye of *Glory*?
Put out thy light, bold *Raymond*, and be wise;
Silence thy tongue, and close thy ambitious eyes:
Such *heights* as these, are Subjects far more fit
For holy *Admiration*, then for *Witt*.

66

*On Sinnes.*

MY Sinnes are like the *hayres* upon my head,
And raise their *Audit* to as high a score;
In this they differ; *These* doe dayly shed,
But, ah, my *sinnes* grow dayly more and more:
If, by my *Hayres*, thou number out my *sinnes*,
Heav'n make me *bald*, before that *day* begins.

67

*On the Gospell.*

OVr *Gospell* thrives the more by forreine *Iarrs*;
It overcomes in outward *opposition*:
But O, it suffers still, in Civill Warres,
And loses Honour by a *home-division*:
If thou assist, I care not, Lord, with whom
I warre *abroad*, so I have peace *at home*.

O Lord,

Digitized by Google

68

*On the dayes of Man.*

LOrd, if our Dayes be *few*, why doe we ſpend
And laviſh them unto ſo evill an end?
Lord, if our dayes be evill, why doe we wrong
Our ſelves, and Thee, to wiſh our *Day* ſo long?
Our *dayes* decreaſe; but, ſtill, our *evils* renew; (*few.*
Great God, we make them *evill*; Thou mak'ſt them

69

*On Sinnes.*

MY Sinnes are like the *Sands* upon the ſhore;
Which every *Ebbe* layes open to the Eye:
In this they differ; *Theſe* are cover'd ore
With ev'ry *Flood:* My *ſinnes* ſtill open lye:
If thou wilt make mine Eyes a *Sea of teares*,
O, they will hide the ſinnes of all my *yeares*.

70

*On* KAIN *and* DAVID.

THeir Sins were equall; Equall was their guilt:
They both committed *Homicide*; Both ſpilt
Their Brothers guiltles blood: Nay, of the twayne,
The firſt occaſion was leſſe foule, in *Kain:*
'Twas likely *Kains* Murther was in *heate*
Of blood; There was no former *grudge*, no *threate:*
But *Davids* was a *Plott*; He tooke the life
Of poore *Vriah*, to enjoy his *Wife:*

Was

Digitized by Google

Was *Iuſtice* equall? Was her *Ballance* even?
*Kain* was puniſht: *David* was *forgiven*:
Both came to tryall: But good *David* did
*Confeſſe* that Sin, which curſed *Kain hid*:
*Kain* bewaild the *puniſhment*; wherein,
His Sin had plung'd him: *David* wayles his *Sin*:
If I lament my *ſins*; Thou wilt forbeare
To *puniſh*, Lord; or give me ſtrength, to *beare*.

71

*On* PLAVSVS.

*Plauſus*, of late, hath rais'd an *Hoſpitall*;
Repayr'd a *Church*; Founded a *Colledge-Hall*:
*Plauſus* hath built a holy *Temple*; vow'd it
To God: Erects a *Schoole*, and has endow'd it:
*Plauſus* hath given, through his abundant pity,
A *Spittle* to the blind, and lame o'th' Citty:
*Plauſus* allowes a *Table* for the poore
O'th' Pariſh; beſides thoſe, he feeds at *doore*:
*Plauſus* relieves the *Priſons*; Mends the *Wayes*;
Maintaines a *Lecture*, on the *Market dayes*:
*Plauſus*, in briefe, for bounty beares the *Bell*;
*Plauſus* has don much *Good*; But nothing, *Well*.

72

*On Sinnes.*

MY Sinnes are like the *Starres*, within the skyes;
In view, in number, ev'n as bright, as great:
In this they differ: *Theſe* doe ſet and riſe;
But ah, my Sinnes doe *riſe*, but never *ſett*:



Digitized by Google

Shine *Son of glory*, and my ſins are gon,
Like twinkling *Starrs*, before the riſing *Sun*.

73

*On change of Weathers.*

ANd were it for thy profit, to obtaine
All *Sunſhine?* No viciſſitude of *Raine?*
Think'ſt thou, that thy laborious *Plough* requires
Not Winter *froſts*, as well as Summer *fiers?*
There muſt be both: Somtimes theſe hearts of ours
Muſt have the ſweet, the ſeaſonable Showres
Of *Teares*; Sometimes, the Froſt of chill *deſpaire*
Makes our deſired *ſunſhine* ſeeme more *faire*:
*Weathers* that moſt oppoſe to Fleſh and Blood,
Are ſuch as helpe to make our *Harveſt* good:
We may not chooſe, great *God*; It is thy *Task*:
We know not what to *have*; nor how to *ask*.

74

*On* PROSPER.

TAke heed, thou proſp'rous *ſinner*, how thou liv'ſt
In Sin, and thriv'ſt;
Thou, that doeſt flouriſh in thy *heapes of gold*,
And ſummes vntold;
Thou, that hadſt never reaſon to complaine
Of *Croſſe*, or *paine*.
Whoſe unafflicted *Conſcience* never found
Nor *Check*, nor *Wound*;
Beleeve it, *Proſper*, thy deceitfull Leaſe
Allowes thee neither *wealth*, nor *Ioy*, nor *Peace*:

Digitized by Google Thy

Thy golden *heapes* are nothing but the price
Of *Paradiſe*;
Thy *Flattering* pleaſures, and thy *ayrie Ioyes*,
But painted *Toyes*;
Thy peaceſull Conſcience is but like a *Dogge*,
Tyed in a *Clogge*;
Beleeve it, *Proſper*, thy deceitfull Leaſe
Allowes thee neither *Wealth*, nor *Ioy*, nor *Peace*:
Thy *heapes* of Gold will ſtand thee in no ſteed,
At greateſt need;
Thy *empty* Pleaſures, will convert thy laughter,
To *groanes*, hereafter:
Thy ſilent *Conſcience*, when enlarg'd, will roare,
And rage the more:
Beleeve it, *Proſper*, thy deceitfull Leaſe,
Affords the neither *Wealth*, nor *Ioy*, not *Peace*.

75

*On the Sight of a Plague bill.*

FIve thouſand in a weeke, in one poore City?
Becauſe it was thy *Pleaſure*, twas no pity;
Why ſhould thou pity vs, Iuſt God, when we
Could never finde a time to pity thee?
Thou never ſtrik'ſt without a reaſon why,
Nor often, then: We eaſily caſt our eye
Vpon the *puniſhment*, but blinde toth' *ſin*,
That farre tranſcends the *Iudgement* it calls in:
O, if the weekly *Bills* of our Tranſgreſſion
Could but appeare, and make as deepe impreſſion
In our ſad hearts, to make our hearts but know
As great a ſorrow, as our *Plague-bills* doe;

No

Digitized by Google

No doubt, no doubt but Heav'ns avenging hand
Would turne a Stranger to our prosprous Land:
O, if that weekly *Catalogue* of Sin
Could, with our City *Bills* be brought but in,
And be compar'd, wee'd think our *Bills* not high,
But rather wonder there are men, to *dye*.

76

*On Theaters.*

SIx *dayes* were made for *work*; the seventh, for *rest*;
I read of none, that Heav'n ordaind for *Play*:
How have our looser *Theaters* transgrest
The *Decalogue*, that make it ev'ry *Day*: (shame,
Me thinks, that they should change their *Trade*, for
Or honour't with a more *laborious* name.

77

*On Players and Ballad-mongers.*

OVr *merry* Ballads, and *lascivious* Playes
Are much alike: To common censure, both
Doe stand or fall: T'one *sings*; the other *sayes*;
And both are *Fripp'ries* of anothers Froth:
In short; They'r *Preist* and *Clark* of *Belials* Altar;
T'one makes the *Sermon*; T'other tunes the *Psalter*.

Our

Digitized by Google

78

*On God and the King.*

OVr *God* and *Prince* (whom God for ever bleſſe)
Are both, in Mercy, of a *Conſtitution:*
Both ſlow, till meere neceſſity ſhall preſſe,
To put their *penall Lawes* in Execution:
And marke, How in a like ſucceſſe they ioyne;
At both we *grumble*; and at both, *repine.*

79

*On the life and death of Man.*

THe life of Man is but th'imperfect Story
Of his *Adventure*, towards future Glory;
For *death* to finiſh: Who will ſticke to ſay,
A glorious *Ev'n* foretells a glorious *Day?*

80

*On* FOX.

THere was a time, (wo-worth that heavy time)
When rav'nous *Foxes* did devoure the prime,
And choyce of all our *Lambs:* But Heav'n did raiſe
A more ingenuous Fox, in after dayes,
Whoſe high immortall *Pen* redeem'd their breath,
And made thoſe *Lambs* revive, in ſpight of death:
To ſee, how mutuall Saintly *Favours* be!
Thou gav'ſt them life, that now give life to thee.

The

Digitized by Google

81

*On the Booke of Common Prayer.*

THe Booke of *Common Pray'r* excels the reſt;
For *Pray'rs* that are moſt *Common* are the beſt.

82

*To* MVNDANO.

WOldſt thou *Mundano*, prove *too great, too ſtrong*
For peeviſh *Fortunes* angry brow to wrong?
Renounce her power: Baniſh *Fortune* hence,
And truſt thee to the hands of *Providence*;
The pooreſt heart that ever did importune
Heav'ns ayd, is farre above the frownes of *Fortune*.

83

*On Romes Sacrifices.*

IT cannot be excus'd: It is a wrong
Proceeding from a too-too partiall tongue,
To ſay, The profer'd ſervice of falſe *Rome*
Had no good ſavor, and did never come
Toth' *gates* of Heav'n; Fye, *Rome's* belyde;
For when our *Troopes* of glorious Martyrs dy'd,
In that warm *age*, who were their *Prieſts?* By whom
Was their blood ſhed? Was't not by holy *Rome?*
Such ſweet *Perfumes*, I dare be bold to ſay,
*Rome* never burnt before, nor ſince that *day*:
A ſweeter *Incenſe*, ſave his *dying Son*,
Heav'n ne're accepted ſince this World begnn.

Digitized by Google

It

84

*On a dead Man.*

IT is a common uſe to entertaine
The knowledge of a great man, by his *Trayne:*
How great's the *dead-man* then? Th're's none that be
So backt with troopes of *Followers*, as Hee.

85

*On corner Sinners.*

SVch men are like to *Owles*; They take delight
To make the night their day; their *day* the night:
They hate the *Sun*, and love dark corners beſt;
But they ſhall houle, when *day-birds* are at reſt.

86

*On the Kite.*

MArk but the ſoaring *Kite*; and ſhe will read
Brave *rules* for Diet; teach thee how to feed;
She flyes aloft; She ſpreads her ayrie plumes
Above the reach, above the nautious fumes
Of dang'rous *earth*; She makes her ſelfe a ſtranger
T'inferi our things, and checks at ev'ry *danger*;
At length, ſhe ſtoopes; and, with a brave diſdaine,
She ſtrikes her *prey*, and mounts her up againe;
By her example, learne to uſe the earth,
And thou ſhalt find leſſe *miſchiefe*, and more *mirth*.



Digitized by Google

87

*On* FORMIO.

FOrmio bewailes his *Sins*, with the ſame heart,
As *Frends* do *Frends*, when they'r about to part;
Beleeve it, *Formio* will not entertaine
A *merry thought*, untill they meet againe.

88

*On boſome ſinnes.*

HOw loath is *Fleſh*, to yeild! the *Spirit*, to win
The glorious Conqueſt of a *Boſome ſin!*
O, how the'ingenious *Fleſh* will pleade! abuſe
The height of *Wit*, to argue, o excuſe:
At length, it yeelds: O, give it leave to ſtay
A yeare; a moneth; a weeke; at leaſt, a day;
And if not ſo, yet let my breaking heart
But hugg it once or twiſe, before we part;
Let me but take my leave, my thoghts ſhal bind me
From the leaſt touch; let me but looke behind me:
Nay ſin, *Gehezi-like*, will have a blow
At cleanſed *Namans bounty*, ere ſhe goe.

89

*On the Eccho.*

AN *Eccho's* nothing, but a forc'd rebound,
Or airy repercuſſion of a *Sound*,
Proceeding from ſome *hollow place*, well knowne
To have no *Bulk*, no *Being* of her owne:

It

Digitized by Google

It is no *Subſtance*; nothing, but a *Noiſe*;
An *empty ſound*; the *picture* of a voyce:
Such is my *Courtly Friend*; At my requeſt,
Hee'l breath his ſervice from his hollow breſt,
And *Eccho*-like for every word that's blowne
Into his eares, returnes me *two*, for *one*;
But when they come toth' Teſt, alas they'r found
More light then *Ayre*, meere *ſhadowes* of a Sound;
Ile truſt my God; His bounty ſtill affords
As many *deedes*, as my falſe Friends do *words*.

90

*On a Water-Mill.*

THe formall Chriſtian's like a *Watermill*:
Vntill the *Floodgate's* open, he lyes ſtill;
He cannot work at all; he cannot dreame
Of going, till his wheeles ſhall finde the *ſtreame*.

91

*On* PAVL *and* APOLLOS.

TIs not, what this man, or what that man ſaith,
Brings the leaſt *ſtone*, toth' building of my faith;
My eare may ramble, but my *Conſcience* followes
No man: I'me neither *Pauls*, nor yet *Apollo's*:
When Scripture *gold* lyes by me, is it juſt
To take up my Salvation, upon *Truſt*?
My Faith ſhall be confin'd to no mans *Liſts*;
Ile only follow *Paul*, as *Paul* is *Chriſts*.



Digitized by Google

92

*On* MORVS.

IF a poore timerous *Hare* but croſſe the way,
*Morus* will keepe his chamber, all the day;
What *Evill* portends it, *Morus*? It does ſhow,
That *Morus* is *not wiſe*, for thinking ſo.
But *Morus* keepes his *Chamber*: There will be,
*Morus*, one Foole the leſſe abroad by *Thee*.

93

*On ſome faiths.*

SOme Faiths are like thoſe *Mills*, that cānot grind
Their *Corne*, vnles they worke againſt the *Wind*:

94

*On the Temporizer.*

HE ſeemes to be a *Man of Warre*; His ſayle
Being fill'd and proſper'd with a foreright *Gale*,
Makes ſpeedy way; and, with her *Keele*, divides
The ſparkling furrowes of the ſwelling *Tides*;
Or if the winde ſhould ſlacke, or ceaſe to blow,
Can make a ſhift to *Tide* it to and fro;
But if it prove a *Storme*, or the wind croſſe,
His wavering *Bottom* ſoone begins to toſſe
Vpon the troubled *waves*, without regard
Of either *ſteare*, or yet the *ſeamans Card*;
His prouder Courage quailes, & the rough weather
Tranſports his wandring *kele*, he knows not whither;
Till,

Digitized by Google

Till, after many a ruine-threatning knock,
He's overwhelmd or ſplitt vpon a *Rock.*

95

*On our ſins.*

IT is an Errour even as *foule*, to call
Our ſins too *great* for pardon: as too *ſmall*.

96

*On the Hypocrite.*

HEe's like a *Chriſtmas Candle*, whoſe good name
Crowns his faire actions with a glorious *flame*;
Burnes cleare and bright, and leaves no ground for doubt
To queſtion, but he ſtincks at going out;
When Death puffs out his *Flame*, the ſnuff will tell
If he were *Wax*, or *Tallow*, by the ſmell.

97

*On Secret-mungers.*

HE, that at *Secrets*, ſhall compoſe his aime,
Is like the *Flie* that ſports about the Flame;
He never leaves to buzze, untill he brings
*Himſelfe* to ruine; or at leaſt, his *wings*:
And like a deſp'rate *Fly*, though he has bin
Once ſcorcht, he'l venture at the *Flame* agin.

The

Digitized by Google

98

*On a Flye.*

THe Sun-delighting *Flye* repayres, at firſt,
To the full *Cup*, only to quench her thirſt;
But, oftentimes, ſhe ſports about the *Brinke*,
And ſipps ſo long till ſhe be drownd in *drinke*:
When wanton leyſure ſhall preſent thine eye
With laviſh Cups, *Remember but the Flye.*

99

*On Scripture and Apocrypha.*

WHen as the *Scripture* opens to mine eyes,
I ſee my Lord in's *Bed*: But when I meet
Th' *Apocrypha* at th'end, me thinks it lyes,
Like his well countnanc'd *Page*, at the *Beds feet*;
Who wears his Lords *old Cloths*, made leſſe; & ſayes
His owne *Inventions* in his Maſters *Phraſe.*

100

To my BOOKE.

HEre comes a Criticke; *Cloſe thy Page:*
*Thou art no* Subject *for this Age:*
*And cenſure, oftentimes, yee know,*
*Will ſtrike the* Dove, *and ſpare the* Crow:
*But hold; Thy Guilt does not require*
*That thou ſhouldſt lurke, or yet retyre;*
*Be open as the* Eye of Noone:
*And let Dogs barke againſt the* Moone:

Digitized by Google

*Thou*

*Thou haſt no Luſter of thy owne,*
*But what's deriv'd from Heav'n alone:*
*Feare not: Thy Heav'n-inſtructed* Page,
*Will either* pleaſe, *or* teach the *Age.*

The end of the ſecond *Booke.*

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

# DIVINE FANCIES:

## The third Booke.

### 1

### *On old Wine and new.*

OLd crazy *Casks* are not designd
to hold
*New-Wines*; nor yet new Vessels,
for the *Old*:
*Old* must, with *Old*; and *new*, with *new*, be filld:
Else will the vessels *breake*, and Wine be *spilld*:
These empty *Vessels* are thy heart and mine;
The *Law* and *Gospell* represents the Wine:
The new's the *Spirit*, and the old's the *Letter*;
With reverence to the Text, *The new's the better.*



Digitized by Google

2

*On* ZACHARIAS *and the blessed Virgin.*

His tongue requir'd a *Signe*, which might afford
A cleerer *Evidence*, then the Angels word;
And had it too: Vntill those things shall come
To passe, his faithlesse lips are stricken *dumb*:
Our blessed *Virgin*, at her *Salutation*,
Seemd ev'n as *faithles*, on the selfe same fashion;
Her lips reply'd: *And how can these things be?*
Hard Iustice! why *he* punisht, and not *shee?*
The Reason's easie to be riddl'd out;
Hers was the voyce of *Wonder*; His, of *doubt*:

3

*On a Picture.*

Some *Pictures*, with a fore-right eye, if seene,
Present unto the view some beauteous *Queene*;
But step aside, and it objects the shape,
On this side, of an *Owle*; on that, an *Ape*:
Looke full upon the *World*, It proves the Story,
And beauteous *Picture* of th' Almighties Glory;
But if thy change of posture lead thy sight
From the full view, toth' *left hand*, or the *right*,
It offers to thine eye, but painted *Toyes*,
Poore *antick Pleasures*, and *deceitfull Ioyes*.

*Servile*

Digitized by Google

4

*On* SERVIO.

SErvio's in *Law*: If *Servio* cannot pay
His Lawyers *Fee*, *Servio* may loſe the *day*;
No wonder, formall *Servio* does trudge
So oft to Church: He goes to *Bribe* his Iudge.

5

*On* PETERS *Cocke*.

THe Cocke crow'd *once*, And *Peters* careles eare
Could heare it, but his eye not ſpend a teare:
The Cocke crow'd *twice*, *Peter* began to creepe
To th' Fyer ſide, but *Peter* could not weepe:
The Cock crow'd *thrice*: Our Saviour turnd about,
And look'd on *Peter*; Now his teares burſt out:
'Twas not the *Cock*; It was our Saviours *Eye*:
Till he ſhall give us *teares*, we cannot *crye*.

6

*On* AMBIDEXTER.

GOd keepe my *Goods*, my *Name*, they never fall
Into the *Net* of *Ambidexters* Lawes;
But, for a *Cauſe*, he ſeldome prayes at all;
But curſes, evermore, without a *Cauſe*:
I'de rather have his *Curſes*, all the day,
Then give his Conſcience the leaſt cauſe to *pray*.



Digitized by Google

7

*On Lazarus, the Damosell, and a sinner.*

*Laz'rus come forth?* why could not *Laz'rus* plead,
I cannot come, great God, for I am dead:
*Dam'sell arise?* when *Death* had closd her eies,
What power had the *Damsell* to arise?
*Sinner repent?* Can we as dead, in sin,
As *Laz'rus*, or the *Damsell*, live agin?
Admitt we could; could we appoint the hower?
The *Voyce* that calls, gives, & gives then the power.

8

*On Sin.*

HOw, how am I deceiv'd! I thought my bed
Had entertaind a faire, a beauteous *Bride*:
O, how were my beleeving thoughts misled
To a false *Beauty*, lying by my side!
Sweet were her *Kisses*, full of choyce delight;
My Fancy found no differance in the *night*:
I thought they were true *Ioyes*, that thus had led
My darkned Soule. But they were false *Alarmes*;
I thought I'd had faire *Rachel* in my Bed,
But I had bleare-ey'd *Leah* in my armes:
How seeming sweet is *Sin*, whē cloathd with Night;
But, when discover'd, what a *loathd* delight!

Tis

9

*On Repentance.*

TIs not, to *Cry God mercy*, or to ſit
And droope; or to confeſſe, that thou haſt ſaild;
Tis, to bewaile the ſinns, thou didſt commit,
And not commit thoſe ſinns, thou haſt bewaild:
He that bewailes, and not forſakes them too,
Confeſſes, rather, what he meanes to doe.

10

*On Man.*

MAn is a mooving *Limbeck*, to diſtill
Sweet ſmelling *Waters*; wherewithall to fill
Gods empty *Bottle*: Lord doe thou inſpire
Thy quickning *ſpirit*; Put in thy ſacred *Fire*;
And then mine eyes ſhall never ceaſe to droppe,
Till they have brimd thy *Bottle*: to the Toppe:
I can doe nothing, Lord, till thou inſpire:
I'm a cold *Limbeck*, but expecting *Fire*.

11

*On the pouring out of our hearts.*

TIs eaſy to *poure in*: But few, I doubt,
Attaine that curious Art, of *pouring out*:
Som poure their hearts, like *oyle*; that there reſides
An unctious ſubſtance, ſtill, about the ſides:
Others, like *Wine*; which, though the *ſubſtance* paſſe,
Does leave a kinde of *ſavour* in the Glaſſe;



Digitized by Google

Some pour their *hearts* like *Milk*, whose *hiew* distaines,
Though neither *Substance*, nor the *sent* remaines:
How shal we poure them, then; that *smel*, nor *matter*,
Nor *colour* stay? *Poure out your hearts like water.*

12

*On Friends.*

GOd shield me from those friends, I *trust*; & be
My firme defence from such, as *trust not* Thee.

13

*On the Hypocrite.*

HEe's like a *Bul-rush*; seems so smooth, that not
The eye of *Cato* can discry a knot:
Pill but the *Barke*, and strip his smoother skin,
And thou shalt find him spungie, all within:
His bro wes are alwayes ponderous as Lead,
He ever droopes, and hangs his *velvet* head:
He washes often; but, if thou enquire
Into his depth, his rootes are fixt in *myre*.

14

*On* SERVIO.

SErvio would thrive; and therefore, do's obay
Gods Law, and shuts up *Shop* oth' Sabbath day:
*Servio* would prosper in his home affaires,
And therefore dares not misse his *Dyet-Prayres*.
*Servio* must put to *Sea*, and do's implore;
Toth' end, that he might safely come *ashore*:

*Servio's*

Digitized by Google

*Servio's* in Suit, and therefore must be tyed
To morning prayre, untill his *Cause* be tryed:
*Servio* begins to loath a Single life,
And therefore prayes for a high-portion'd *Wife*:
*Servio* would faine be thought religious too,
And therefore prayes as the *Religious* doe:
*Servio* still prayes for *Profit*, or *Applause*;
*Servio* will seldome pray, without a *Cause*.

15.

*On the Devils Master-Piece.*

THis is the height the Devills *Art* can show,
To make man proud, because he is not so.

16

*On our Saviours Fishing.*

WHen as our blessed Saviour took in hand
To be a *Fisher*; Mark the rule he keepes;
He first puts off a little from the Land;
And, by degrees, he launchd into the *Deepes*:
By whose example, our *Men-fishers* hold
The selfe same course; They do the same, *or should*.

17

*On Mans greatest Enemy.*

OF all those mortall enemies, that take part
Against my Peace, *Lord*, keep me frō my *Heart*.

Hee's

Digitized by Google

18

*On the Hypocrite.*

HEe's like a *Reed*, that alwaies does reſide,
Like a well planted *Tree*, by th' water ſide;
Hee beares no other fruit, but a vaine bragge
Of formall ſanctitie; A very *Flagge:*
Hee's round, and full of ſubſtance, to the ſhow;
But hollow hearted, if enquir'd into:
In *peacefull* ſeaſons, when the weather's faire,
Stands firme; but ſhakes, with every blaſt of *Aire.*

19

*On the holy Scriptures.*

WHy did our bleſſed Saviour pleaſe to breake
His ſacred thoughts in *Parables*; and ſpeake
In darke *Enigma's*? Who ſo ere thou be
That findſt them ſo, they were not ſpoke to Thee:
In what a caſe is he, that happs to run
Againſt a poſt, and cries, *How dark's the Sun?*
Or he, in Summer, that complaines of *Froſt?*
The Goſpell's hid to none, but who are loſt:
The Scripture is a *Ford*, wherein, tis ſaid,
An Elephant ſhall *ſwim*; a Lambe may *wade.*

20

*On Mans heart.*

NAture preſents my heart in *Ore*;
Faire civill cariage *gilds* it o're;

Digitized by Google Which

Which, when th'Almighty ſhall behold
With a pleas'd eye, he brings to *gold:*
Thus chang'd, the Temple *Ballance* weighs it;
If droſſe remaine, the *Touch* bewrayes it;
Afflictions *Furnace*, then refines it;
Gods holy *Spirit* ſtamps and coynes it:
No *Coyne* ſo currant; it will goe
For the beſt *Wares*, that Heav'n can ſhow.

21

*On Drunkenneſſe.*

MOſt Sins, at leaſt, pleaſe *Senſe*; but this is treaſon
Not only 'gainſt the *crowne* of *Senſe*, but *Reaſon.*

22

*On a Kiſſe.*

ERe ſince our Bleſſed Saviour was betrayd
With a *Lip-Kiſſe*, his Vicar is affraid:
Frõ whence, perchance, this common uſe did grow,
To kiſſe his tother End: *I meane his Toe.*

23

*On the Alchymiſt.*

THe patient *Alchymiſt*, whoſe vaine deſire,
By Art, is to diſſemble natures *Fyre*,
Imployes his labour, to tranſmute the old,
And baſer *ſubſtance* into perfect *Gold:*
He laughs at unbeleevers, ſcornes and flouts
Illiterate *Counſell*; neither cares, nor doubts:



Digitized by Google

Vntill, at length, by his ingenious *Itch*,
Hee's brought moſt poore, in ſeeking to be rich:
Such is the *Civill man*; that by his even
And levell actions hopes to merit Heaven;
He thinks, by help of *Nature*, to acquire,
At leaſt to counterfeit the Sacred Fire
Of ſaving *Grace*, to purge and to refreſh
His baſe deſires, and change his *ſtone*, to *fleſh*:
He ſpurnes at Counſell; He derides and ierks
Thoſe whining Spirits that renounce their *works*;
Till, too much truſting to their doing well,
In ſeeking Heav'n, they find the flames of Hell.

24

*On the ten Lepers.*

TEn *Lepers* clenſed? And but one, of ten
Returne the *Clenſer* thanks? Vngratefull Men!
But *Ten* i'th' *Hundred*? 'That's a Gaine that we
Receive or Sue, yet oft deny it Thee.

25

*On the laſt Epigram.*

HOw, how, am I deceiv'd, that ſpeake to thee
Of *Intreſt*, when the purchaſe was in *Fee*!
Thou mad'ſt a cleane *Conveyance* to the Ten,
And ne're expect'd'ſt the *Principall* agen:
Lord, we muſt reckon by another *Rate*:
They gave not one yeares Purchaſe for th' *Eſtate*:
Lord, how we palter with thee! We pretend
A preſent Payment, till w'obtaine our *End*:

And

Digitized by Google

And then we crave, and crave a longer Day,
Then pay in *Driblets*, or elſe, never pay.

26

*On the Boxe of Oyntment.*

IT is no wonder, he, above the reſt,
Whom *thirty pieces* tempted to betray
The Lord of *Glory* to his death, profeſt
The *Boxe of Oyntment* was but caſt away:
He that dare *murther* at ſo ſmall a coſt,
May eas'ly thinke the charge in *Buriall*, loſt.

27

*On* MARY *and* IVDAS.

MAry did kiſſe him: *Iudas* kiſt him too,
But both their aymes were coverd in a *miſt*;
Both kiſſe our Saviour; but their kiſſes doe
Differ as farre, as did the *Parts* they kiſt:
There's danger ſtill, where double hearts do ſteale
The forme of *Love*, or weare the cloake of *Zeale*.

28

*On our Saviour and his Vicar.*

ME thinks thy *Vicar Gen'rall* beares the Keyes,
And executes thy *Place*, with greater eaſe,
And in one *Iubile*, enioyes more mirth,
Then thou, my dying Lord, didſt from thy Birth:
Alas: Thou hadſt not, wherewithall to fill
Thy craving ſtomack: He has *Cates* at will:


Digitized by Google

Thy empty Coffers had not to defray
Thy *Tribute charge:* To him Kings *Tribute* pay:
Foxes have holes; Thou hadſt not, whereupon
To reſt thy wakefull head: He ſnorts in *Downe:*
In ſhort; Thy life was nothing but the Story
Of *Poverty*; and his, of Princely *Glory:*
When tempting Sathan, would have giv'n thee all
The *wealth* and *glory* of the World, to fall
And worſhip him; at thy refuſall, Lord,
Thy Vicar tooke the *Tempter* at his word;
So came thy wants ſo great; ſo great his ſtore;
The Vicar ſo-ſo *rich*; the Lord, ſo *poore.*

29

*On the great Prelate.*

OVr Saviours *Feet* were kiſt: The people doe
The very ſame to thee, great *Prelate*, too;
O, who will ſeale but ſuch another *Kiſſe*
Vpon thy *Lips*, our Saviour had on his!

30

*On Idolatry.*

CAn common madnes find a thing, that's more
Repugnant to the very Lawes of *Nature*;
That the Creators *Image* ſhould adore
The ſenſleſſe Image of a ſenſuall *creature*!
If ſuch be Gods; if ſuch our helpers be,
O, what are Men! How more then Beaſts are wel

That

Digitized by Google

31

*On the Tables of Stone.*

THat ſtony *Table* could receive the print
Of thy iuſt *Lawes*; Thy *Lawes* were written in't:
It could be hew'd, and letters grav'n thereon;
Sure, Lord, my Heart is harder then that *Stone*.

32

*On Mans three Enemies.*

THere's three, that with their fiery *Darts*, do level
Againſt my Soule; the *World*; the *fleſh*; the *Devil*:
Lord, give me patience, if not ſtrength; For there
Are *Three* t'afflict me; I'm but *One*, to beare.

33

*On* DINAH.

WHen *Dinahs* careles *Eye* was grown too laviſh
To entertaine, *Sechem* found time to *raviſh*:
*It is no leſſe then ſilent invitation,*
*Although we ſcorne the Sin, to give th'occaſion:*
Sure, *Dinahs* Reſolution was too ſtrong,
Or to *admit*, or not *reſiſt a Wrong*,
And ſcornes to ſtoope to the *Adult'rers* armes;
*We often burne, intending but to warme's:*
She went but out to ſee; Perchance, to heare
What *Luſt* could ſay: What harme to lend an eare?
*Anothers Sin, ſometimes, procures our ſhames:*
*It ſtaines our Bodies; or, at leaſt, our Names.*



Digitized by Google

34

*On* FIDO.

MArk, when the good man prospers with his *Plot*,
Hee's still envy'd; despis'd, if prosper not:
The Wicked have no *peace* with God; And, then,
How canst thou, *Fido*, look t'have *peace* with men?

35

*On* IACOB.

HOw *Iacob's* troop'd: *Laban* pursues with one
Great *Troope*; and *Esau* meets him with another.
*Laban* resolves to apprehend his Son:
*Esau*, to be reveng'd upon his Brother:
*Me thinks I see how* Iacob *stands supplide,*
*Like Vertue, with a Vice on either side:*
*Laban* pursues him, to regaine his *Gods*:
*Esau*, t'avenge his *Birth-right* and his *Blessing*:
What hope has *Iacob* now? 'Twixt both, 'tis ods,
There will be either *Death* or *Dispossessing*:
*God takes delight to turne our helper, then,*
*When all our helps and hopes are past with men.*
*Laban* encounters *Iacob*: He requires
His *Gods*: And *Esau's* neare at hand, by this:
*Laban's* appeas'd; and quencht are *Esaus* Fyres;
T'one leaves him; T'other meets him with a *Kisse*;
*Iacob's* in league with both: *The Soule that shall*
*Have peace with God, has League and peace with all.*

It

Digitized by Google

36

*On Drunkennesse.*

IT is a *Theife*; that, oft, before his face,
Steales *Man* away, and layes a *Beast* in's place.

37

*On a Tenis-court.*

MAn is a *Tenis court*: His Flesh, the *Wall*:
The Gamsters *God*, & *Sathan*: Th'heart's the *Ball*:
The higher and the lower *Hazzards* are
Too bold *Presumption*, and too base *Despaire*:
The *Rackets*, which our restlesse *Balls* make flye,
*Adversity*, and sweet *Prosperity*:
The Angels keepe the *Court*, and marke the place,
Where the *Ball* fals, and chaulks out ev'ry *Chace*:
The *Line's* a Civill life, we often crosse,
Ore which, the *Ball* not flying, makes a *Losse*:
*Detractors* are like *Standers-by*, that bett
With Charitable men: Our *Life's* the *Sett*:
Lord, In this *Conflict*, in these fierce *Assaults*,
Laborious *Sathan* makes a world of *Faults*;
Forgive them Lord, although he nere implore
For favour: They'l be set upon our *score*:
O, take the *Ball*, before it come toth' ground,
For this base *Court* has many a *false Rebound*:
Strike, and strike hard, but strike above the *Line*;
Strike where thou please, so as the *Sett* be thine.

*Abel*

Digitized by Google

38

*On* ABELS *Blood.*

*Abel* was silent: But his *Blood* was strong,
Each drop of guiltles *blood* commands a tongue;
A tongue, that *cryes*; 'Tis not a tongue, implores
For *gentle Audience*, 'Tis a tongue that rores
For hideous *Vengeance*: 'Tis a tongue that's bold
And full of *Courage*, and that cannot hold:
O, what a noyse my Blessed Saviours *Blood*
Makes now in heav'n! how strong it cries! how loud!
But not for *Vengeance*: From his side, has sprung
A world of *drops*; From ev'ry drop, a *Tongue*.

39

*On the Memory.*

DOes thy corrected Frailty still complaine
Of thy disloyall *Mem'ry*? do'st retaine
Nothing that's Good? And is the better part
Of what thou hear'st, before it warme thy heart,
Snatcht from thy false *Remembrance*? Is the most
Of what th'inspired *Prophets* tell thee, lost
In thy unhospitable eares? And not
To be recall'd? Quite buried? Quite forgot?
Feare not: Thou hast a *Chanc'lour* in thy Brest,
That keepes th'*Exchequer*, and hoards up the least,
The *poorest Summe*: No, no, thou needst not feare;
There's nothing will be lost, that's taken there:
Think'st thou, that thou hast lost that piece of *Gold*,
That's dropt into a fairer *Heape*, untold?

Or

Digitized by Google

Or canſt thou judge that *Fier*, clos'd about
With rak'd up *Embers*, cauſe not ſcone, is out?
*Gold*, loſt in greater *ſummes*, is ſtill thine owne;
And rak'd up *Ember* will, in time, be blowne (loſt,
To *Flames*: Beleeve't, the *Words* thine eares have
Thy *heart* will find, when thou ſhalt need *them* moſt.

40

*On the Babel-Builders.*

SVre, if thoſe *Babel-Builders* had thought good
To raiſe their heav'n-high *Towre* before the *flood*,
The wiſer ſort of people might deride
Their *Folly*, and that Folly had ſav'd their *Pride*;
Or had their *Faiths* but enterpriz'd that *Plott*,
Their *hearts* had finiſht what their *hands* could not;
'Twas not for love of Heav'n: nor did they ayme
So much to rayſe a *Building*; as a *Name*:
They that by *Works* ſhall ſeeke to make intruſion
To Heav'n, find nothing but their owne *Confuſion*.

41

*On* ESAV *and* IACOB.

E*Sau* goes forth; ſtrives, with his owne diſquiet,
To purchaſe *Venſon*, for his Fathers Diet:
*Iacob* abides at home; and, by his *Mother*,
Is taught the way, how to ſupplant his brother:
There's ſome that hunt, like *Eſau*, ſweat and toyle,
And ſeeke their *Bleſſing* by their owne *Turmoyle*;
Whilſt others craye aſſiſtance, and bewray
Their wiſer *weakenes*, in a ſafer *Way*.



Digitized by Google

O, if the Church my *Mother* will instruct me;
Make *savory Meate*, and cloath me, then conduct me
Into my Fathers *Armes*, these hands shall never
Trust to the poorenesse of their owne *Endeavor*:
Bring a *Kid* but of my *Mothers* dressing,
'Twill please my *Father*, and procure my *Blessing*.

42

*On severall Sinnes.*

*Grosse Sinne.*

IS like a *Show'r*, which ere we can get in,
Into our Conscience, wets us to the skin.

*Sin of Infirmity.*

IS like the falling of an *April Shower*;
'Tis often *Raine*, and *Sun-shine*, in an hower.

*Sin of Custome.*

IS a long *Showre*, beginning with the Light,
Oft-times continuing till the *Dead of night*.

*Sin of Ignorance.*

IT is a hideous *Mist*, that wetts amaine,
Though it appeare not in the forme of *Raine*.

Digitized by Google It

*Crying Sin*

IT is a sudden *Showre*, that teares in sunder
The *Cope* of *Heav'n*, & alway comes with *Thunder*.

*Sin of Delight*

IS like a *fethered Showre of Snow*, not felt,
But soakes toth' very skin, when ere it melt:

*Sin of Presumption*

DOes like a *Showre* of *Hayle*, both wet and wound
With sudden Death: or strikes us to the *Ground*.

*The Sin of Sinners*

IT is a *sulph'rous Shower*, such as fell
On *Sodom*, strikes, and strikes toth' *Pit of Hell*.

43

*On these Showers.*

GOod God! what *Weather's* here! These soules (of our
Have still the luck to trauell in a *Shower*:
Lord, we are cold and pitifully drencht;
Not a dry thrid; And all our *Fyer's* quencht:



Digitized by Google

Our very Blood is cold; Our trembling knees
Are mutuall *Andvils*; Lord, we ſtand and freeze:
Alas we find ſmall comfort from the *Eye*
Of Heav'n; Theſe ſhowring *clouds*, our *ſins*, doe flye
Betwixt the *Sun* and us; We dry no more;
Then if the *Sun* had giv'n his office o're:
Nay Lord; if now and then thoſe *Beames* do chance
To breake upon's, and lend a feeble glaunce
Upon our reeking *ſoules*, ere we begin
To feele the warmth, w'are dous'd & drench't again:
In what a caſe are we! Our nightly *damps*
And daily *ſtorms*, have fild our Soules with *Cramps*,
With wav'ring *Palſeyes*, and our hoarſer tongues
Can doe thee ſervice, not in *Prayers*, nor *Songs*:
Our Zeales are *Aguiſh*; hot and cold: They be
Extreamly hot toth' *World*; as cold to *Thee*:
Our Blood has got a *Fever*: Lord, it muſt
Be ſet on fire with every wanton *Luſt*: (not
What worlds of Miſchiefs are there, that prevaile
Vpon our fainting Soules, What is't we ayle not,
That Wet and Cold can bring? Yet have no power
To keepe us in, but dable in the *Shower*:
Shine forth, bright *Sun of Glory*; Be as fierce,
As theſe eclipſing *Clouds* are blacke; Diſperſe
And clear them with thy ſtronger beams, that thus
Dare interpoſe betwixt thy Glory and us:
Reflect on my diſtempered Soule; Refine
This vap'rous *Earth*, this ſinfull Fleſh of mine,
That, tho ſome *Drops* muſt fall, I may have power,
Shelter'd by thee, t'avoyd the down-right *Shower*;
O let my dabled *Spirit* ſtill retyre
To thee, and warme her by thy Sacred *Fyre*;



Digitized by Google

That having ravill'd out some weary howers,
She may arrive where's neither *Clouds* nor *Showers*.

44

*On* DIVES *and* LAZARVS.

DId ever *Iudge* more equally proceed
To punish *Sin*? so right in kind, and nature?
Poore *Lazarus* was refus'd a *Crum* of Bread;
And *Dives* was deny'd a *Drop* of Water:
*Children are oftentimes so like the Mother,*
*That men may eas'ly know the one, by th'other.*

45

*On two Suitors.*

THe *Soule* is like a *Virgin*; for whose Love
Two jealous *Suitors* strive: Both daily move
For Nuptiall favour; Both, with Lovers Art,
Plead for the Conquest of the Virgins *heart*:
The first, approaching, knockt, and knockt agin;
The *Diore* being op'ned, at his entring in,
He blusht; and (as young bashfull Lovers use)
Is mov'd then halfe discouraged, ere he sues:
At length, that love, that taught him what to feare,
Gave resolution to present her eare
With what he hop'd, and in a lovers fashion,
He oft repeats the Story of his *Passion*:
He vowes his *Faith*, and the sincere perfection
Of undissembled; and entyre *Affection*;
He sues for equall mercy from her Eye;
And must have love, or else, for love, must dye.



Digitized by Google

His present means, were short: He made profession
Of a faire *Ioynture*, though but small *possession*:
And in a word, to make his *passion* good,
He offers to deserve her with his Blood:
The other boldly enters: with the strong
And sweet-lip'd *Rethricke* of a Courtly tongue,
Salutes her gentle eares: His lips discover
The amorous language of a wanton *Lover*:
He smiles and faunes, and now and then lets flye
Imperious *glaunces* from his sparkling Eye;
Bribes her more *orient Neck* with *pearl*, with *charms*
Enclosing *Bracelets* decks her yvory *Armes*;
He boasts th'extent of his Imperiall Power,
And offers Wealth and Glory for a *Dower*:
Betwixt them both, the Virgin stands perplext;
The first Tale pleas'd her well, untill the next
Was told: She lik'd the one, the other: Loth
To make a choyce: She could affect them *Both*.
The one was Iocund, full of sprightly mirth:
The other, better borne; of nobler birth:
The second su'de in a compleater fashion;
I, but the first show'd deeper wounds of Passion:
The first was sadly modest: And the last
More ruskly pleasant: His faire lookes did cast
More am'rous flames; But yet the fathers eye
Did promise greater Nuptiall *Loyalty*:
The last's more rich; yet Riches, but for life,
Make a poore *Widow*, of a happy *Wife*:
The first's *Estate*, but small, if not made good
By Death: Faire *Ioyntures* comfort *Widow-hood*:
Whō shal this *Virgin* chuse? Her thoughts approve
The last, for present *wealth*; the first, for *love*:



Digitized by Google

Both may not be enjoy'd: Her heart must smother
Her love to *one*, if she affect the *other*:
Ah, silly *Virgin*, Is the choyce so hard
In two extreames? Can thy weak thoughts reward
Two so unequall, with a like Respect?
Knowst thou not which to slight, & which t'affect?
Submit to better Iudgement, and advise
With thy best *Friend*: O trust not thine owne eyes:
This *last*, that seemes so pleasant, so acute,
Is but a *Slave*, dreſt in his Lords old *Suite*:
He brags of *Glory*, and of Princely Power,
When he is kickt and baffled every hower:
The *Treasure* that he boasts is not his owne,
He basely stole it, and the *Theft* is knowne;
For which, he is *arraign'd*, condemn'd toth' paines
Of *death*; His sentence is, to hang in *Chaines*:
His plott's to bring thee in as deepe as He;
Beleeve't; It is thy *Blood* he seekes, not *Thee*:
The *Bribes* he gave thee, are but stolne: Fond *Girle*,
Discard those *Bracelets*, and disclaime that *Pearle*:
The *first*, whose oft-repeated knocks did crave
Admittance, was the Lord to that base *slave*:
His *Faith* is loyall, and as firme his *Vow*:
To him, his life's not halfe so deare, as thou:
That *wealth*, that *honour*, that dissembled *power*,
That pleasant *Pesant* offer'd as a *Dower*,
Is that faire Lords: Nor *peace*, nor *pow'r*, nor *wealth*
Can any challenge from him, but by stealth:
Match there, my Soule, and let thy sacred Vowes
Plight holy Contracts with so sweet a Spouse:
His left hand's full of *treasure*; and his right,
Of *peace*, and *honour*, and unknowne *delight*:

Hee'l

Digitized by Google

Hee'l give thee *wealth*; and in that *wealth*, *content*,
For present means; And (when thy *Glasse* has spent
Her latest Sand, that Time untransitory
Thy dayes) a Joynture of *Eternall Glory*.

46

*On the old and new Garment.*

NEw *Garments* being brought, who is't that would
Not scorne to live a Pris'ner to the *Old*?
Yet though our bounteous Saviour, at his cost,
Presents us *new*, we love the *old ones* most:
Alas, they pinch us! O, they fit too strait!
They are too cumbersome! too great a waight!
No, no; the *old* were too too light, too great;
So we have ease, we care not to be neat:
Like tyred Iades, our better wils repayre
To a foule *Stable*, then t'a *Rack* that's faire.

47

*On Mans co-operation.*

WE are not *Blocks*: We must expect the *Call*:
And, being cal'd, must *move*, and *rise* withall.
The *Kayes* were needlesse, and as good be dumb,
As, with the *Call*, not give the *pow'r* to come:
Deserves he food, that thinkes it vaine to gape?
Christ takes his Spouse by *Contract*, not by *Rape*.

The

Digitized by Google

48

*On the old and new Tables.*

THe former *Tables* of the Law were broken,
And left no Monuments of themselves, no token,
No Signe that ever such things were: But marke,
The *later* were kept holy in the *Arke*:
Those Tables are our *Hearts*. Can we be bold
To looke for *new*, and yet not breake the *old*?
Or can the ruines of the old find place
In th'Arke of *Glory*, not repayr'd by *Grace*?
Dismount, O blessed *Moses*, and renew
Those *Tables* thou hast broken, or make *new*.

49

*On a Crucifixe.*

WHy not the *Picture* of our dying Lord,
As of a Friend? Nor *this*, nor *that's* ador'd:
*Does not th'eternall Law command, that thou*
*Shalt ev'n as well forbeare to make, as bow?*
Not to so good an *end*? T'advance his *passion*?
The *Gold* being *pure*, what matter for the *Fashion*?
*Take heed: The purest gold does often take*
*Some losse, some prejudice, for the fashion sake:*
Not to a *Civill end*? To garnish *Halls*?
To deck our *windowes*? To adorne our *Walls*?
*Shew-bread must not be common: And the Cruse*
*Of holy Oyle admits no Civill use:*
No, no; the beauty of his *Picture* lies
Within; Tis th'object of our *Faith*, not *Eyes*.



Digitized by Google

50

*On praying to Saints.*

NOt pray to *Saints?* Is not the *Warrant* ample,
If *back't* with *Scripture? strengthen'd* with *example?*
Did not that ſweltring *Dives* make *complaint*
For water? was not *Abraham* a *Saint?*
Why ſhould reformed *Churches* then forbid it?
'Tis true: But tell me; What was *He*, that did it?

51

*On Confeſſion.*

EXperience tels, That *Agues* are about
To weare away, when as our *Lips* breake out:
In Spirituall *Fevers*, there's the ſame expreſſion
Of Health, when Lips breake forth into *Confeſſion:*
But mark: Theſe hopefull *Symptomes* never doe
Confirme the Ague *gone*, but *faire to goe:*
They doe not alwayes worke, what they portend;
*Confeſſion profits not, unleſſe we mend.*

52

*On* SOLOMONS *Rejoyce.*

YOung-man *Rejoyce:* What jolly mirth is heere?
*Let thy heart cheare thee:* What delicious Cheare?
*In thy young dayes:* Thy Cates will reliſh ſweeter:
*Walk thy own wayes:* Thy Cares wil paſſe the fleeter:
*Pleaſe thine own heart:* Carve where it likes thee beſt:
*Delight thine eyes:* And be a Ioyfull Gueſt:

Digitized by Google Bur

*But know withall, The Day will come, whereon*
*Thy Iudge will doome thee for the deeds th'aſt done:*
O what a *Feaſt*! O what a *Reckning's* here!
The *Cates* are ſweet; The *Shot's* extreamly deare:
Lord, I haue been, and am a dayly *Gueſt*
(Too oft invited) at the *Young-mans* Feaſt:
The *Reckning's* great; Although I cannot pay,
I can *confeſſe*; Great God, before this Day,
I had been dragd to the redeemleſſe *Iayle*,
Had'ſt thou not pleas'd t'accept my Saviours *Baile*;
Lord, he muſt bear't I doubt: For I can get
Nor *Coyne* to pay, nor labour out the *Debt*:
I cannot *digge*, my Ioynts are ſtarke and lame,
But I can *begge*, although I beg with ſhame;
I haue no *Grace* in begging; can receive
The firſt *repulſe*: I have no *Faith*, to crave:
If th'Entertainments of the *Feaſt* be theſe;
Lord give me *Famine*; Take the *Feaſt* that pleaſe.

53

*On Bread.*

TAke up that bitt of *Bread*: And underſtand,
What 'tis thou holdeſt in thy careleſſe hand:
Obſerve it with thy thoughts, and it will reade thee,
An uſefull Lecture, ev'n as well as feed thee;
We ſtirre our *Lands*, or give directions how;
But God muſt ſend a ſeaſon for the *Plough*:
We ſowe our *Seede*; But ſowe our ſeed in vaine,
If Heav'n deny the firſt, the later *Raine*; (ceaſe
Small proofe in *Showrs*, if heavn's pleas'd hand ſhall
To bleſs thoſe Showrs, nor crown the with *encreaſe*:



Digitized by Google

The tender *Blades* appeare, before thine eye,
But, *unrefresht* by heav'n, as soone they dye;
The infant *Eares* shoot forth, and now begin
To corne: But God must hold his *Mildewes* in:
The *Harvest's* come: But Clouds conspire together
Hands cannot work, til heav'n shal clear the *wether*:
At length 'tis reap'd: Between the *Barne* and *Furrow*
How many Offices poore Man runs thorow!
Now God has done his part: The rest we share
To Man: His providence takes now the care:
No; yet it is not ours: The use alone,
Not bare possession, makes the thing our owne:
Thy swelling *Barnes* have crownd thy full desire;
But heav'n, when Mows shold *sweat*, can make them
I, but the *Sheaves* are thrasht, & the heap lies (*fire*;
In thy full *Garnier*: He that sent the *Flyes*
To *Pharoes* Court, can, with as great an ease,
Send thee more wastfull *vermin*, if he please:
Perchance 'tis grouded, kneded: And what though a
Gods *Curse* is often temper'd with the *Dough*;
Beleeve't the fruits of all thy toyle, is *mine*,
Vntill they be enjoy'd, as much as *thine*:
But now t'has fed thee: Is thy soule at rest?
Perchance, thy stomacks dainty to digest:
No, if heav'ns following favour do not last
From the first *Furrow* to the very *Tast*,
Thy labour's lost: The *Bread* of all thy travill,
Without that blessing, feeds no more then *Gravill*:
Now wastfull Man; thou mayst repose againe
That Modell of Gods *Prov'dence* and thy *paine*;
That bitt of *Bread*; And if thy Dogg shold fawne
Vpon thy lappe, let not so deare a Pawne

Of

Digitized by Google

Of greater plenty be contemn'd and loſt;
Remember, *how* it came, and *what* it coſt.

54

*On Faith and Reaſon.*

TRue *Faith* and *Reaſon*, are the Soules two *Eyes*:
*Faith* evermore lookes upward, and diſcryes
Objects remote; but *Reaſon* can diſcover
Things onely neere; ſees nothing that's above her;
They are not *Matches*; Often diſagree;
And ſometimes both are clos'd, and neither ſee:
*Faith* viewes the *Sun*; and *Reaſon*, but the *ſhade*;
T'one courts the *Miſtreſſe*; t'other wooes the *Maide*:
That ſees the *Fire*; This, only but the *Flint*;
*The true-bred Chriſtian alwayes lookes aſquint.*

55

*On Carnall Mirth.*

WHo ſeeks to quench by help of *Carnall* friends,
Thoſe fiery *Errants* that the Conſcience ſends,
Redeemes his *Peace*, but with a further *ſpoyle*;
Drinks in a *Fever*: quenches Fyre with *Oyle*.
Lord, if thou ſtrike my *Conſcience*; and that, *Me*:
I will expect, and truſt no Friend, but *Thee*.



Digitized by Google

56

*On Prayer.*

*Prayre's* like a *Vapour* fum'd from earth; that flyes
To th' *Gates* of Heav'n: It never rotts ith' Skyes:
If *Faith* and *it* be joyn'd, it will obtaine,
And melt into a firſt and later *Raine*;
If *Faith* forſake her, and they part in ſunder,
It falls in *Thunderbolts*; at leaſt, in *Thunder*.

57

*On* ANNA.

What faithfull *Anna* by her Teares had done
Deſerv'd the double duty of a Son:
She was a *double* Parent; pleas'd to doe
A double Office; *bore*, and *got* him too:
Thus *Samuel* was (It was leſſe ſtrange then rare)
Borne of her *Body*, gotten by her *Prayre*.

58

*On a Gift.*

NO *loſſe* to give to thee: The gift is more
Our *owne*, being giv'n, great God; then 'twas (before.

If

59

*On my ſelfe.*

IF Righteous *Ely* was not vengeance-free,
How ſhall I ſcape! He was a Saint, to me:
Nay, Lord, how would my heart & comfort faile,
If I ſhould weigh thy Mercies in our *Scale!*

60

*On Iuſtification and Sanctification.*

LOrd, thou haſt promis'd, *in* and *for* thy Chriſt,
To *ſanctifie* where ere thou *Iuſtifi'ſt:*
Lord, all my Evils are *Iuſtifi'd* in Thee;
Lord, let thoſe Evils be *ſanctifide* to me.

61

*On Mans Love.*

WHen think we, *Lord*, on thee! & when we do,
How feeble are our thoughts, & ſinfull too!
How baſely doe our crooked Soules engage
Themſelves to heav'n? We make thy Glory, *Page*
To our Salvation: Mans more ſervile heart
Loves what he'd *have* thee, *Lord*, not what thou *art:*
This is the very beſt of Man; wherein
W'are apt to think we *merit* more then *Sin.*
But, there's a baſer *Love:* Our cheife reſpects
Have meere relation to our owne *Defects;*
Like Dogs we fawne upon our Maſters *Lapps,*
With dirty feet, and only love for *Scrapps:*

But

Digitized by Google

But there's a baſer yet: We love for *feare*,
Finding, like *Kain*, more then we can beare,
And, were it not for ſhame, our hearts would be
As warme to *Sathan*, as, great God, to *Thee*:
But there's a baſer yet: And baſer none:
We love thee, to be lov'd of man alone:
We force a *Zeale*; uſurp the name of *Pure*;
That we may ſin more *cloſely*, more *ſecure*,
Wee love thee only to abuſe thee, juſt
As Whores love Husbands, but to cloke their luſt:
How art thou martyr'd in our luſtfull Fyres!
How made a *Stale* to catch our *wilde* deſires!
Lord, I will love as farre as lyes in me,
Thee for thy *ſelfe*, and all things elſe in *Thee*.

62

*On filiall love and ſervile.*

THey'r not alike, although alike appeare:
I'one feares for *love*: The other loves for *Feare*.

63

*On Grapes.*

IT is receiv'd, That *ſeed* of Grapes being ſowne,
Brings forth *degenerate* Cluſters, or elſe *none*:
But Stocks being *grafted* prove a *fruitfull* Vine,
Whoſe pleaſing *Berries* yeeld a generous wine;
We are thy *Vineyard*, Lord; Theſe Grapes of our,
By *Nature*, are degenerous and ſower;
But if thou pleaſe to *graft* us, we ſhall beare
Delicious fruit; which being preſt, ſhall cheare

The

Digitized by Google

The hearts of *Angels*, and that blessed *Trine*
Of perfect glory with their sprightly *Wine*.

64

*On Ioy and Griefe.*

LOrd, if my *Griefes* were not oppos'd with *Ioy*
They would destroy:
And if my *Mirth* were not allayd with *Sadnesse*,
It would be Madnesse:
While *this*, with *that*; or *that*, with *this* contends
They're both my *Friends*;
But when these happy *Warres* doe chance to cease,
I have no peace:
The more my earthly *Passions* doe contest,
The more my heavenly *Affections* are at rest.

65

*On Doves and Serpents.*

WE must have *Doves* and *Serpents* in our heart,
But how they must be marshal'd, there's the *Art*;
They must agree, and not be farre asunder;
The *Dove* must hold the wily *Serpent* under;
Their natures teach what places they must keepe,
The Dove can *flye*; the Serpent onely *creepe*.

66

*On Christ and our selves.*

I Wish a greater knowledge, then t'attaine
The knowledge of *my selfe*: A greater Gaine



Digitized by Google

Then to augment *my selfe*; A greater Treasure
Then to enjoy *my selfe*; A greater Pleasure
Then to content *my selfe*: How slight, and vaine
Is all selfe-Knowledge, Pleasure, Treasure, Gaine;
Vnlesse my better knowledge could retrive
*My Christ*; unles my better Gaine could thrive
*In Christ*; unles my better Wealth grow rich
*In Christ*; unles my better Pleasure pitch
*On Christ*; Or else my Knowledge will proclaime
To my owne heart how ignorant I am:
Or else my Gaine, so ill improv'd, will shame;
My Trade, and shew how much declin'd I am
Or else my Treasure will but blurre my name
With *Bankrupt*, and divulge how poore I am;
Or else my Pleasures, that so much *inflame*
My Thoughts, will blabb how full of sores I am:
Lord, keepe me from *my Selfe*; 'Tis best for me,
Never to owne my *Selfe*, if not in *Thee*.

67

*On Man.*

AT our Creation, but the *Word* was saide,
And we were made:
No sooner were, but our false hearts did swell
With *Pride*, and fell:
How slight is Man! At what an easie cost
Hee's *made* and *lost*!

We

Digitized by Google

68

*On Death.*

WE all are going to the selfe same *Place*,
We only differ in our *Way*, our *Pase*:
One treads the *common Roade* of Age: Another
Travels, directed by the hand of's *Brother*:
Some crosse the *Waves*, perchance the neerer way;
Some by the winged *Shaft* that flyes by Day;
Some ride on *Feavers*; others beat the hoofe,
With horses in their hands, and make a proofe
Of their owne *strength*; Others more fairely pase
On *beds of Downe*; some ride a speedy race
On hot-mouthd *Surfeits*, emulous for the *Cup*:
Some hotly mounted fiercely gallop up-
On spurgal'd *Broyles*, whose Frantick motions send
Their hasty spirits to their *Iourneyes end*:
Some ride upon the racking Steeds of *Treasure*;
Others false-gallop on the backs of *Pleasure*:
All Iourney forwards to the selfe-same Place;
Some, the next way; and some, the faster pace:
All post an end; till beaten out of *Breath*,
They all arrive at the great *gates* of Death;
Lord, in this *common Rode*, I doe not care
What pase I travell, so my *Way* be faire.

69

*On the life of Man.*

OVr Life is nothing but a *Winters Day*;
Some onely breake their *Fasts*, and so, away:

 Others

Digitized by Google

Others ſtay *Dinner*, and depart full fed;
The deepeſt Age but *ſupps*, and goes to bed:
Hee's moſt in debt, that lingers out the *Day*;
Who dyes betimes, has leſſe; and leſſe to pay.

70

*On Gods Image.*

IT was a *dainty Piece!* In every part,
Drawne to the Life, and full of curious Art:
It was as like thee as a *ſhadow* could
Be like a *ſubſtance*; There was none but would
Have known thee by't: There needed then no name;
No golden *Characters*, that might proclaime
Whoſe *Picture* t'was: The Art was ſo divine
That very Beaſts did reverence it, as thine:
But now, alas, 'tis blurr'd: The beſt that we
Or they can judge, is this, 'Twas made for thee:
Alas 'tis faded, ſoyl'd with hourely duſt,
Sullyed, and ſhadow'd with the ſmoke of *Luſt*;
So ſwarthy as if that glorious face of thine
Were tawnyed underneath the *tornid Line:*
How is thy *Picture* altred! How ill us'd
By our neglects! How ſlubberd! How abus'd!
Her Cedar *Frame's* diſioynted, warp'd and broke;
Her curious *Tablet's* tainted with the ſmoke:
The Object's both offenſive, and the ſavor;
Retaining neither *Beauty*, nor thy *Favour:*
Lord, let not thy diſpleaſed eye forſake
Thy *handy-worke*; for the bad keepers ſake:
Behold it ſtill; and what thou ſeeſt amiſſe,
Paſſe by: Thinke what it was; not what it is:

What

Digitized by Google

What though her beauty, and her colours fade?
Remember; O, 'twas like thee when 'twas made.
There is a great *Apelles* that can lim
With thy owne *Pencill*; we have sought to *Him*:
His skilfull hand will wash off all the soyle,
And clense thy Picture with his sacred Oyle:
Hee'l mak't more faire then 'twas; at least, the same;
Hee'l mend the *Tablet*, and renew the *Frame*:
Till then; be pleas'd to let thy Picture be
Acknowledg'd *thine*: 'Twas made for none but *Thee*.

71.

*On the Penny.*

HE that endur'd the Tyranny of *Heate*;
The *Morning*-sorrowes, and the *Midday*-sweat;
The *Evening*-toyle, and *burthen* of the *Day*,
Had but his promis'd *Penny* for his pay:
Others, that loyter'd all the *Morning*; stood
Ith' idle *Market*, whose unpractis'd blood
Scarse felt the warmth of labour, nor could show
A *blush* of Action, had his *Penny* too:
What *Wages* can we merit, as our owne?
Slaves that are *bought* with *price*, can challeng none,
But onely *Stripes*: Alas, if Servants could
Doe more, then bid, they do but what they should;
When man endeavours, and where heav'n engages
Himselfe by promise, they are *Gifts*, not *Wages*,
He must expect: We must not looke *t'obtaine*
Because we *Run*; Nor doe we *run* in vaine:
Our Running showes th'effect, produces none:
The *Penny's* giv'n alike to every one,



Digitized by Google

That works ith'*Vineyard*: Equall *price* was shar'd
T'unequall *workers*: Therefore no *Reward*:
Lord, set my hands a *worke*: I will not serve
For *Wages*, lest thou give what I *deserve*.

72

*On a Christian.*

THe Generous *Christian* must as well improve
Ith' quality of the *Serpent*, as the *Dove*;
He must be *Innocent*; affraid, to doe
A wrong; And *crafty*, to prevent it too:
They must be mixt, and temper'd with true love;
An *Ounce* of Serpent, serves a Pound of Dove.

73

*On Gods Bountie.*

GOd freely gives; as freely we receive;
It is not, *Doe*; but *Ask, and thou shalt have*.

74

*On Sinnes.*

MY Sinnes are like to *Mountaines*, that arise
Above the *Clouds*, & threat the *threatning skyes*:
Lord, give me *Faith*; and let that Faith be prov'd,
In leaving not a *Mountaine* unremoov'd.

A

Digitized by Google

75

*On the life of Man.*

A *Thousand* yeares, with God (the Scriptures say)
Are reckon'd but a *Day*;
By which accompt, this measur'd Life of our
Exceeds not much an *hower*;
The *halfe* whereof Nature does claime and keepe
As her owne debt for sleepe:
A full *sixt part* or what remaines, we ryot
In more then needfull Dyet:
Our *Infancy*, our *Child-hood*, and the most
Of our *greene youth* is lost:
The *little* that is left, we thus divide;
One *part* to cloathe our Pride;
An other Share we lavishly deboyse
To *vaine*, or *sinfull* Ioyes;
If then, at most, the measur'd life of Man
Be counted but a *Span*,
Being half'd and quarter'd, and disquarter'd thus,
What, what remaines for us?
Lord, if the *Totall* of our dayes doe come
To so-so poore a *summe*;
And if our shares so small, so nothing be,
Out of that *Nothing*, what remaines to *Thee?*

76

*On the Childrens Bread.*

THy strengthning *Graces* are the *Childrens Bread*,
Which maks thy *thriving Children* strong & able;

Honour,

Google

Honour, and Riches are the *Crumms* that feed
The *Doggs* that lurk beneath their *Masters* Table:
Lord, if thy gracious pleasure will allow
But *Bread*, I'm sure, I shall have *Crums* enow.

77.

*On Trust and Care.*

OVr *Trust* in God, for Riches, neither must
*Exclude* our Care; nor Care *exceed* our Trust.

78

*On* RVSCVS.

ILliterate *Ruscus* heard *Pedantius* preach;
Admir'd the *Church-mans* learning, & cõmended
Such things alone, that were above his Reach;
But meanly slighted what he apprehended:
What hinders then to thinke that *Ruscus* hath
At least the twi-light of a *Bastard Faith*?

79

*On the receiving of the Lords Supper.*

MEn take the Sacred *Seales* of their Salvation,
As some doe Physick, not for *health*, but *fashion*;
The Day preceding, and the following Day,
There's none so strict; none so reformd as they:
They curb the fury of their wanton *Ryot*,
And call their Surfeits to a stricter *Dyet*:
The Time expyr'd, the first Assault that happs,
Prevails and strikes them to a worse *Relaps*;

Digitized by Google Like

Like Doggs to *vomits* they returne agin,
As though th'ad past a *Patent* now to sin:
Let such *Day-Christians*, on the very toppe
Of all their mirth, remember *Iudæs Soppe*.

80

*On Faith.*

TH'oft shaken *Tree* growes faster at the root;
And *faith's* most firm, that's somtimes vrg'd with
*(Doubt.*

81

*On the Story of Man.*

THe *word* was spoke; And what was *Nothing*, must
Be made a *Chaos* of confused *Dust*:
The *word* was spoke; The *Dust* began to thicken
To a firme Clay: The *Clay* began to quicken;
The grosser substance of that *Clay* thought good
To turne to *Flesh*; The moyster turn'd to *Blood*;
Received *Organs*; and those Organs, *Sense*;
It was imbellisht with the Excellence
Of *Reason*: It became the *Height* of Nature,
Be'ing *stampt* with th'Image of the great Creator:
But, Lord, that glorious *Image* is defac'd;
Her Beautye's *blasted*, and her Tablet's *raz'd*:
This Height of nature has committed *Treason*
Against it selfe; Declin'd both *Sense* and *Reason*;
Meere *Flesh* and *Blood*, containing but a *Day*
Of painted Pleasure, and but *breathing Clay*;



Digitized by Google

Whose Moysture, dry'd with his own sorrow, must
Resolve, and leave him to his former *Dust*;
Which Dust, the utter object of our loathing,
Small time consumes, & brings to his first *Nothing*:
Thus, from this *Nothing*, from this *Dust*, began
This *Something*, turnd to Dust, to Nothing; *Man*.

82

*On* ANANIAS.

THe *Land* was his: The land was his, alone;
'Twas sold; And now the *Money* was his owne:
The powre remain'd in the *Possessors* hand,
To keepe his *money*, or have kept his *Land*:
But once devoted to the *Churches good*,
And then conceald, it cost his *life*, his *blood*:
If those that give, may not resume agin,
Without a *Punishment*, without a *Sin*,
What shall become of those, whose unjust power
Dispoyles the *widdowed* Temple of her *Dower*:
Who take her Profits, and in stead of giving
*Encrease* to her revennues, make a living
Vpon her *Ruines*, growing plump and full
Vpon her *Wants*, being cloathed in her *Wooll*;
While she sustains th'extremes of cold and hunger,
To pamper up the fat *Advousion-monger*;
Who thrust their *Flesh-hooks* in their thrifty Pot,
And only leave her what they value not:
The whilst her sacred *Priests*, that dayly tread
Their slighted *Corne*, must begge their early *Bread*;
Or else, be forc'd to purchase easie shares
With the deare *price* of their ungranted *Prayres*:

Let

Digitized by Google

Let ſuch turne backe their ſacrilegious eyes,
And ſee how breathleſſe *Ananias* lyes:
Behold the Wages that his ſin procures,
That was a *Mole-hill*, to theſe *Alpes* of yours:
He tooke not from the *Church:* Did but conceale
Some part he gave; But your falſe fingers ſteale
Her maine *Inheritance*, her owne *Poſſeſſion*;
His was but bare *deceipt*; yours bold *Oppreſſion:*
O, if no leſſe then the *firſt death* was due
To him, what *death* d'ye think's prepar'd for you?
So often as your pamper'd Eyes ſhall looke
On your Eſtates, think on the *Flying Booke*.

83

*On pious Vſes.*

THey that, in life, oppreſſe, and then bequeath
Their Goods to *pious uſes* at their death,
Are like thoſe Drunkards, being layd to ſleepe,
That *belch* and *vomit* what they cannot *keepe:*
To Gods and Mans acceptance, I preſume
Their ſeverall Actions ſend the like *perfume*.

84

*On* SOPHRONIA.

THe chaſt *Sophronia* knowes not how to ſcape
Th'inevitable danger of a *Rape*;
Cruell *Sophronia* drawes her haſty knife
And would relieve her Chaſtity with *life:*
Doubtfull *Sophronia* knowes not what to doe,
She cannot keepe the *one*, and *to'ther* too:



Digitized by Google

*Sophronia's* in a ſtrait; One eyeis fixt
O'th' *ſeventh* Commandment; t'other, on the *ſixt*;
To what Extreames is poore *Sophronia* driven!
Is not *Sophronia* left at *Sixe* and *Seaven*?

85

*On the knowing Man.*

HEe's like a *luſty Soyle*, whoſe *Moyſture* feeds,
If not a world of *Corne*, a world of *Weeds*.

86

*On Romes pardon.*

IF Rome could *pardon* ſins, as Romans hold,
And if ſuch *Pardons* might be bought for *Gold*,
An eaſie Iudgement might determine which
To chooſe; To be *religious*, or elſe *rich*;
Nay Rome does *pardon*: *Pardons* may be ſold;
Wee'l ſearch no *Scriptures*; But the *Mines*, for Gold.

87

*On the world.*

THe *World*, compos'd of *heaven* & *earth*, 's the ſtory
Of Gods *Eternall*, and Mans *Temp'rall* Glory.

Men

88

*On formall Devotion.*

MEn doe God Service with the ſame devotion,
As the foule Body takes his loathed *Potion:*
They ſtay and ſtay; then gulp it downe in haſt,
Not for the *pleaſure*, but to have it *paſt*;
Whoſe *druggy* Taſt goes ſo againſt their minde;
That, oft, the better part is left behind;
And what is taken, 's taken but in vaine;
It either *works not*; or *comes up* againe.

89

*On heavenly Manna.*

OWhat a world of heav'nly *Manna* falls
Within the Circuit of our happy *Walls*!
With how great *Ioy* wold neighb'ring *lands* receive
The Fragments of thoſe *Fragments*, that we leave!
Our furniſht *Markets* flouriſh all the yeare:
We need noe *Ephaths*, nor yet *Omers* here:
We take, unmeaſur'd, from the bounteous heape;
Thanks neuer were ſo *deare*; not that, ſo *cheape*:
We never hoard, but toſſe from hand to hand,
As if that *Famine* had forſworne the Land;
Our ſatiate ſtomacks are ſo laviſh fed,
That we ev'n ſlight, and wanton with our *Bread*:
Ah Lord! I feare when careleſſe children play
With their ſpoyld *Bread*, 'tis time to take *away*.



Digitized by Google

90

*On naturall Sins.*

TO murther *Parents*, or our *ſelves*, has bin,
Though falſly, counted an *unnaturall Sin:*
By *Nature*, we are apt to fall into o't;
I rather think't unnaturall *not to doe't*:
If heav'n ſhould but forſake us, 'twere agin
The very courſe of Nature, *not to ſin.*

91

*On the Arke.*

IF *Flouds* of Teares ſhold drown my *world* of Sin,
Alas, my floating Arke retaines, within,
A curſed *Cham* to ſtore the *World* agin:
What then? ſo long as holy *Sem* vouchſafeth
But to divide a Tent with baſhfull *Iapheth.*

92

*On* SOPHRONIA.

*Sophronia* chooſes rather to commit
*Selfe-murther*, then by violence, to ſubmit
Her ventur'd honor to th'injurious truſt
Of the *eye-ſparkling* Tyrants furious *Luſt*:
What means *Sophronia?* Dare her conſcience frame,
To act a *Sinne*, but to prevent a *Shame?*

Looke

Digitized by Google

93

*On a faire Prospect.*

*Looke up*; And there, I see the faire abode
And glorious *Mansion* of my gracious God:
*Looke downe*; In ev'ry garnisht corner lyes
*Favours* objected to my wondring eyes:
*Looke on my right hand*; There, the sweet encrease
Of Ioyes present me with a ioyfull *Peace*:
*Looke on my left hand*; There, my Fathers *Rod*
Sublimes my knowledge, from my selfe, to God:
*Looke foreward*; There, I see the lively Story
Of *Faiths* improvement and of future *Glory*:
*Looke backward*; There, my thankfull eye is cast
On *Sinnes* remitted, and on *Dangers* past:
*Looke inwards*; And mine eye is made partaker
Of the faire Image of my glorious *Maker*:
*Looke up*; or *downe*; *About*, *above*, or *under*;
Nothing but Obiects of true *Love* and *wonder*.

94

*A Resolution.*

If thou hast giv'n me *Wealth*, great God, I crave
*Content*; and Grace to *have* the goods I have;
If otherwise; thy will be done: I crave not
So much, to *have*, as use the goods *I have not*:
Lord, make me *Thine*: And then I shall appeare,
If not thy *Almner*, yet thy *Beads-man*, here.

Digitized by Google

Earth's

95

*On the worlds welcome.*

EArth's Entertainments are like thoſe of *Iael*;
Her left hand brings me *Milke*; Her right, a *nayle*.

96

*On our Meditation upon God.*

WHen thy ambitious *knowledge* wold attempt
So *high a Taske* as God, ſhe muſt exempt
All carnall *ſenſe*; Thy *Reaſon* muſt releaſe
Her *pow'r*; Thy *Fancy* muſt be bound toth' peace;
Thy *Spirits* muſt be rapt; They muſt exile
Thy *fleſh*, and keepe a *Sabbath* for a while;
Thou muſt *forget* thy ſelfe, and take ſtrong *Bands*
Of thy owne Thoughts, and ſhake eternall hands
With thy rebellious *Luſts*; diſcard and cleare
Thy heart of all *Idea's*; Then, with *Feare*,
And holy *Reverence*, thou muſt thinke of *One*,
As though he were not to be thought upon:
Conceive a *Spirituall*, a *moſt perfect* Being,
*Pure*, *Simple*; At the ſelfe ſame inſtant, ſeeing
Things Preſent, Paſt, and Future; *One*, whoſe *might*,
Whoſe *Wiſedome*, *Iuſtice*, *Mercy*, (in a height
Above *Exceeding*) is *Himſelfe*; being Great
Without a *Quantity*, and moſt Compleat,
Without *Degrees*; Eternall without *ſpace*
Of time: At all times Preſent, without *Place*:
Think thus: And whē thy *thoughts* can *ſore* no higher,
Stay there, Stand humbly *ſilent*, and *admire*.

Digitized by Google He

97

*On Faith.*

HE that wants *Faith*, and apprehends a *Griefe*
Becauſe he wants it, hath a *true Beliefe:*
And he that grieves, becauſe his *griefe's* ſo ſmall,
H'as a *true Griefe*, and the *beſt Faith* of all.

98

*On Mans folly.*

*Ideots*, and Senſe-bound *Lunaticks* diſcerne
'Twixt *Salt* and *Suger*; very *Babes* will learne
To know a *Counter* from the currant *Coyne*;
Bruit *Beaſts*, by *Inſtinct* of Nature, will decline
Th'alluring *Bait*, and ſenſe-beguiling *Snare*;
Though that ſeeme nere ſo *ſweet*; this, nere ſo *faire:*
Yet *Man*, heavn's greateſt *Maſter-piece* will chuſe,
What *Fooles*, and *Mad-men*, *Beaſts*, and *Babes* refuſe;
Delights in dangerous *Pleaſures*, and beneath
The name of *Ioyes*, pleaſes himſelfe to *death*.

99

*On Glorie.*

THat *Saint*, in Heav'n, whoſe *Glory* is the leaſt,
Has ev'n as perfect *Glory*, as the beſt:
There's no *Degrees*, but in a finite Treaſure:
No difference 'twixt *Pauls glory* & *mine*, but *meaſure*.



Digitized by Google

100

*On Reward.*

WHen holy *Scriptures* mention the *Rewarding*
Of *works*, we read not, *For*; but ſtil *According*.

The end of the third *Booke*.

Digitized by Google

# DIVINE FANCIES:

## The fourth Booke.

I

*A good Morrow.*

THis *day*: Vnfold thine Armes; Ariſe, and rouze
Thy leaden Spirits, and pay thy Morning *Vowes*;
Send up thy *Incenſe*; Let her early ſmoke
Renew that League thy very dreames have broke;
Then mayſt thou *worke* or *play*; Nothing ſhall be
Diſpleaſing to thy God, that pleaſes thee.



Digitized by Google

2

*A Good-night.*

CLoſe now thine eyes, and reſt ſecure;
Thy *Soule* is ſafe enough; thy *Body* ſure;
He that loves thee, he that keepes
And guards thee, never ſlumbers, never ſleepes.
The ſmiling Conſcience in a ſleeping breſt
Has only peace, has onely reſt:
The muſicke and the mirth of Kings,
Are all but very *Diſcords*, when ſhe ſings:
Then cloſe thine Eyes and reſt ſecure;
No Sleepe ſo ſweet as thine, no reſt ſo ſure.

3

*On a Printing-houſe.*

THe *world's* a *Printing-houſe*: our *words*, our *thoughts*
Our *deeds*, are *Characters* of ſev'rall ſizes:
Each *Soule* is a *Compos'ter*; of whoſe faults
The Levits are *Correctors*: Heav'n reviſes;
*Death* is the *common Preſs*; frō whence, being driven,
W'are gatherd *Sheet* by *Sheet*, & bound for *Heaven*.

4

*A Dialogue, betweene* GABRIEL *and* MARY.

GABRIEL.

HAile bleſſed *Mary*: MA. What celeſtial tongue
Cals ſinfull *Mary* bleſſed? GAB: It is I:

Who

Digitized by Google

Ma: Who art thou? Ga: I am *Gabriel* that belong
To the high Quire of Heaven: Ma: I faint, I dye:
Ga: Feare not ſweet *Virgin*; all the *Earth* ſhall be
Made debters to thy *Womb*, and bleſt in Thee. (*Son*
Ma: How Lord? Ga: Thy *Virgin-womb* ſhal beare a
That ſhal *redeem* the world. Ma: My *Lord*, how can
Such wonders come to paſſe; ſuch things be done
By a poore *Virgin*, never knowne by Man?
Ga: The *holy Ghoſt*, at his appointed howre,
Shall make thee pregnant by his ſacred powre:
Ma: *Wonder* of wonders! Ga: At whoſe *height* the
Of *heav'n* ſtand raviſht, tremble, & admire. (*Quire*
Ma: O may it be according to thy Word:
Ga: Before that twice five Moons compleated be
Thou ſhalt be knowne the *Mother* of our Lord,
And thou ſhalt dance thy Saviour on thy knee.
Ma: Both *heav'n* & *earth* ſhal triumph, & the *frame*
Of *hell* ſhall tremble at *Maria's* name:
Ga: All *Ages* paſt, and preſent, and to come,
Shall joy in *Mary*, and in *Marye's* Wombe.

5

*On* Rhemvs.

IF Heav'n would pleaſe to purge thy *Soule* as well
As Rome thy *purſe*, thou needſt not feare a Hell.

6

*On the life of Man.*

MAns day's a *Song*, compos'd by th'great *Muſition*,
Full of harmonious *Ayres* and dainty choyce;



Digitized by Google

But spoyld with *Discords*, and too much *Division*;
Abus'd and lost for want of *skill*, and *voyce*:
We misse our *Rests*, and we neglect our *Graces*;
Our life the *Trebble*, and our death the *Base* is:

7

*On* MARY.

FOure *Marye's* are eternizd for their worth;
Our *Saviour* found out *three*; our *Charls*, the *fourth*.

8

*On the Church.*

LEt not thy *blackneſſe* move thee to deſpaire;
Black Women are belov'd of men that's faire:
What if thy hayre her flaxen brightnes lack?
Thy *face* is comely, though thy *Brow* be black.

9

*On the two Eſſences.*

GOds sacred *Eſſence* represents the bright
And glorious body of the greater light:
'Tis perfect; hath a *Being* of her owne,
Giving to all, receiving light from none:
Mans *Eſſence* represents the borrowed light
And feeble luster of the Lampe of night:
Her *Rayes* are faint, and her Reflection thin,
Distaind with nat'rall blemiſhes within;
Inconſtant, various; having, of her owne,
No light at all; or light, as good as none:

When

Digitized by Google

When too much earth ſhall interpoſe, and ſlipps
Betwixt theſe Lights, our Soules are in th'*Eclips*.

10

*On our Saviours Paſſion.*

THe earth did tremble; and heav'ns cloſed eye
Was loth to ſee the *Lord of Glory* dye:
The Skyes were clad in mourning, & the Spheares
Forgat their *harmony*; The Clouds dropt *teares*:
Th'ambitious Dead aroſe to give him roome;
And ev'ry Grave did gape to be his *Tombe*;
Th'affrighted heav'ns ſent down elegious *Thunder*;
The *Worlds Foundation* loos'd, to loſe their *Founder*;
Th'impatient *Temple* rent her *Vaile* in two,
To teach our hearts what our ſad hearts ſhould do:
Shall ſenſleſſe things doe this, and ſhall not I
Melt one poore drop to ſee my Saviour dye?
Drill forth my Teares; and trickle one by one,
Till you have peirc'd this *heart* of mine, this *Stone*.

11

*On* PETER.

WHat luck had *Peter!* For he tooke a Fiſh
That ſtor'd his *purſe*, as well as fill'd his *diſh*;
Whoſe bounty did *inrich*, as well as *feed* him;
But they are better *Fiſhers* that ſucceed him:
*He* catcht by chance: *Theſe* catch the like by skill:
*He* catcht but once: *Theſe* catch them whē they will:
They caſt their Angles into better *Seas*;
Their bayts are only for ſuch *Fiſh* as theſe:

Brave

Digitized by Google

Brave ſport, and full of curious pleaſure! *Come,*
*There is no Fiſhing to the Sea ..of Rome.*

12

*On* HERODIAS.

I'Le tell thee, *Light-skirts*, whoſoever taught
Thy feet to dance, thy dancing had a Fault:
Thou'lt find it deare, *Herodias*, if thou do'ſt
Compare thy *pen'worth* with the *price* it coſt.

13

*On Faith and Hope.*

HOw much the ſtronger, *Hopes* on life relye,
So much the weaker is my *Faith*, to dye.

14

*On Water and Wine.*

THe happy diff'rence and ſweet change of life,
When a chaſt *Virgin* turnes a loyall *Wife*,
Our bleſſed Lord, in *Cana* did divine,
And turnd cold *Water* into luſty *Wine*.

15

*On Age.*

HOw *freſh blood* dotes! O how *green Youth* delires!
It moſt diſdaines the *thing* it moſt deſires.



Digitized by Google

16

*On a Figg-tree.*

A Christian's like a *Figg-tree*, that does beare
Fruit, greene, or ripe, or blossomes all the yeare:
No wonder then, our Saviour curs't that Tree;
*Figg-trees* are alwayes dead, where no Figgs be.

17

*On* Rhemvs.

*Rhemus*, upon a time I heard thee tell,
A *Wall* divideth Purgatory' and Hell;
And that a gold-bought *Masse* will cleare th'offence
That brought us thither, and redeeme us thence:
Ah *Rhemus*, what demented Soule would spare
To ruine Wife, or to dis-land an Heyre,
Rather then feele such torments, you pretend,
That equall Hell in all but *Time*, and *end*?
Ah *Rhemus*, If the power of Gold be such,
How dare you be so bold to dye so rich!

18

*On* Iacob.

NEre boast thy *Bargaine*, *Iacob*: For poore we
Have made a better contract far, then thee:
We envy not his Land thou didst inherit;
Our Brother tooke our *Flesh*, gave us his *Spirit*.



Digitized by Google

19

*On* SIMON MAGVS.

*Simon*, bring Gold enough; and I will tell thee,
Wher thou shalt *buy* what *Peter* wold not *sel thee*:
Repaire to his *Successors*; They are free
And frolick *Gamsters*; not so strict as Hee:
Nay, if thy Gold be weake, they will not stand
To sell good Pen'worths at the *second hand*:
They'l sell good cheape, but they'l not give to any;
No *Pater-noster* where there is no *Penny*:
No, if thy purse be like an empty *Shell*,
They will not *give*, what *Peter* would not *sell*.

20

*On the Bishop of Rome.*

ADmit, great Prelat, that thou wert that *Rock*
Wheron the *Church* was founded; coldst *unlock*
The *gates* of Heav'n; and, with thy *golden Key*,
Make Hel thy *Pris'ner*, and the Fiends obey,
Thy Papall dignity would far be greater,
If thou wert *Simon*, but as well as *Peter*.

21

*On* MILO.

DO; strive to enter *Milo*, though the Gate
Be narrow, and the rugged passage straight;
Lessen thy selfe, and fast thy carkas thin;
Take in thy *Flesh*, 'twill get thee easier in:

Digitized by Google Look

Look up to heav'n, twill raiſe thy body uprighter;
Give lib'rall *alms*, twil make thee tread the lighter:
Sweat forth thy baſe corruptions, and inherit
Thy promis'd *Crowne*, halte loſt for want of ſpirit;
Let not thy daſtard, and dull thoughts diſdaine
Thoſe works which cold *deſpaire* miſtakes, as vaine;
Take heed; Let not thy queazy Soule repine
Againſt thoſe *Actions* which are none of thine:
Heav'n bids thee ſhine; what if thy *Rayes* be dim,
Doe thou thy beſt; leave the ſucceſſe to Him:
Follow thy *Worke*; And when thy Soule ſhall be
Gather'd from hence, thy *Works* ſhall follow thee.

22

*On Rome.*

GOod *Works* abound in *Rome*: 'Tis well they doe,
'Tis the beſt ſtring they chalenge to their Bow:
But evr'y Hee's no *Monck*, that weares a Hood;
'Tis well, if they'r well done, as well as good:
*When wandring Paſſengers have loſt their way,*
*No ſort of men that ride ſo faſt as they.*

23

*On three dayes and nights.*

THou knowſt our dying Saviour did repoſe
On *Friday*; On the *Sabbath*, he aroſe;
Tell me, by what account can he be ſaid
To lodge *three dayes and nights* among the dead?
He dyde for all the Word: what wanted here,
Was full ſupply'd in t'other *Hemiſphere*.



Digitized by Google

24

*On* TOBITS *Dogge.*

WHat luck had *Tobits dog!* what *grace!* what *glory*
Thus to be Kenel'd in th' Eternall *Story!*
Vntill th' *Apocrypha* and *Scripture* sever,
The mem'ry of *Tobits dogg* shall live for ever.

25

*On the Gospell.*

WHen two *Evangelists* shall seeme to vary
In one discourse, they'r *divers*, not *contrary*;
One Truth doth guide them both; One spirit doth
Direct them; doubt not, to beleeve them both.

26

*On* SERVIO.

'S*Ervio*, 'Tis scarcely worth thy paines, to smother
Or to subdue one Sin, and hugge another:
Beleeve it *Servio*, he that is in thrall
To one, is a potentiall *Slave* to all.

27

*On* FORMIO.

F*Ormio* will keepe the *Sabbath*, read and pray,
His lips are seal'd from oaths upon that day;
*Formio* is clad in black, and will absent
His fleshly thoughts, this holy time of *Lent*.

Thinkst

Digitized by Google

Think'st thou that *Formio* 's ſhaken hands with Sin ?
No, tis but giving hands to meet agin.

27

*On* IOHN *and* IESVS.

*Iohn* was the *Morning-ſtarre* that did fore-run
The long-wiſht riſing of our Glorious *Sun*:
The firſt word that *Iohns* preaching lips expreſſed
Was this, *Repent*: Our Saviours firſt, was, *Bleſſed*:
*Iohn* makes th'inciſion; *Ieſus* makes it ſound;
*Ieſus* nere cures, where *Iohn* ne're made a wound.

29

*On diſ-poſſeſſing.*

WE read, A broyled Fiſhes *heart* will ſcare
A frighted Divel from a troubled breſt:
We read againe, By *Faſting*, and by *Prayre*
The fierce *Demoniack's* only diſpoſſeſt:
What this affirmes, that flatly does denye;
With reverence to the Text, *The t'one's a Lye.*

30

*On* HERODIAS.

I Have a young *Herodias* lives within me,
That never leaves to *dance*, untill ſhe win me
To grant her Suit; will never ceaſe to plead
Vntill I give her my *Iohn Baptiſts* head:
O then my ſorrow would be paſt her date,
And I, like *Herod*, ſhould repent too late.



Digitized by Google

31

*On* MALFIDO.

SAthans *Injections* are like Weeds that fall
Into thy Garden, darted ore the Wall,
Whose loathsom smel unscent thy sweeter *Flowr's*;
But grow not there, unles we make them ours:
They'l dye, neglected: If thou lend them roome,
They'l stink; But eas'ly thrown from whence they
Feare not, *Malfido*; those they be that spoyle (come:
Thy Flow'rs, that suck their *substance* from the soyle.

32

*On Slanders.*

WHen undeserv'd report distaines my name,
It *shames* not, but perchãce prevents a *Shame*.

33

*On Law and Gospell.*

THe *Law* is rough; The *Gospell* milde and calme;
That launc'd the *Bile*, & this powres in the *Balme*.

34

*On a bosome Sin.*

THat *Sin* that finds more *credit* then the rest,
That is thy *Darling*, leanes upon thy *brest*;
That, in the *Bosome* of thy heart does lye;
That dips within thy *dish*, Sayes, *Is it I?*

Digitized by Google That

That gives thee *kisses*; that's the *Sin* that slayes thee,
O that, O that's the *Iudas*, that betrayes thee.

35

*On the World.*

THe World's a *Booke*, writ by th'eternall *Art*,
Of the great Maker, *printed* in Mans heart;
'Tis falsly *printed*, though divinely *pend*,
And all th' *Erratas* will appeare at th' *end*.

36

*On my Soule.*

MY weather-beaten Soule long time has bin
Becalm'd, and tiding in the *Sea* of Sin;
But now Afflictions *Storme* does drive and tosse
Her batterd *Keele*: The wind is loud and crosse:
*Feare* fills her tatterd *Sailes*, & *doubts* doe drive her,
She knowes not where; & of all hopes deprive her:
Thus, thus transported by the troubled Ayre
Amongst the swallowing *Quick-sands* of despaire,
If not prevented by a greater power,
She looks for *wreck* and *ruine* ev'ry hower;
O, that mine Eyes could raine a *Showre* of Teares,
That, that would lay the *Storme* of all my Feares.

37

*On the Cuckoe.*

THe idle *Cuckoe*, having made a Feast (Nest;
On Sparrowes Eggs, layes downe her owne i'th'
The

Digitized by Google

The ſilly Bird ſhe ownes it, hatches, feeds it;
Protects it from the weather, clocks and breeds it;
It neither wants repoſe nor yet repaſt,
And joyes to ſee her *Chicken* thrive ſo faſt:
But when this gaping Monſter has found ſtrength
To ſhift without a helper, ſhe at length
Nor caring for that tender care that bred her,
Forgets her parent, kills the *Bird* that fed her:
The *Sin* we foſter in our boſome, thus
Ere we have left to feed it, feeds on vs.

38

*On* TOBIT.

WAs it not time to ſend his ſonne to *Rages*,
For mony, whē his *wife* ſpun hard for *wages*?
Was't not high time for him to poſt away,
That for an *Angell* paid a *Groat* a day?

39

*On* DAVID.

WHo ever ſung ſo high, ſo rapt an *Io*
As *David* prompted by heroick *Clio*?
But when thy more divine *Vrania* ſung,
What glorious Angell had ſo ſweet a tongue?
But when *Melpomene* began to ſing,
Each word's a *Rapture*, or ſome *higher thing*:
Sweet were thy *triumphs*, ſweet thoſe *joyes* of thine;
O, but thy *Teares* were more then moſt *Divine*.

Seeſt

Digitized by Google

40

*On a Monument.*

SEeſt thou that *Monument?* Do'st' ſee how Art
Does poliſh Nature to adorne each part
Of that rare Worke, whoſe glorious Fabricke may
Commend her beauty to an after day?
Is't not a dainty Peece? And apt to raiſe
A rare advantage to the Makers praiſe?
But knowſt thou what this dainty Peece encloſes?
Beneath this glorious *Marble* there repoſes
A noyſome putrid Carkas, halfe devour'd
By crawling *Caniballs*, diſguiz'd, deflour'd
With loath'd Corruption, whoſe conſuming ſent
Would pöyſon Thoughts, although it have no vent:
Ev'n ſuch a *Peece* art thou, who ere thou be
That readſt theſe Lines: This *Monument* is *Thee:*
Thy Body is a Fabricke, wherein Nature
And Art conſpire to heighthen up a Creature
To ſumme Perfection, being a living Story
And rare *Abridgement* of his Makers Glory;
But full of lothſome *filth*, and naſty *mire*
Of luſt, vncurb'd Affections, baſe deſire;
Curious without, but moſt corrupt within;
A glorious *Monument* of inglorious *Sin.*

41

*On* PLAVSVS.

P*Lauſus* has built a *Church:* And leſt his Glory
Should dye, has boaſted his vain-glorious Story



Digitized by Google

Vpon the painted *Wall*, and built to Fame
A large *Memoriall* of his doubtfull Name:
*Plauſus*, 'tis bravely done; Thy Deeds make knowne
Thou either ſeekſt *Gods* glory, or *thy owne*.

42

*On* CENSORIO.

THou blam'ſt the *Age*, cõdemns the *dayes* of *crimes*;
If thou wouldſt mend thy *Faults* 'twould mend (the *Times*.

43

*On fooles of both kinds.*

SOme *ſcorne* the Croſs, whilſt others *fall before it*;
Some *ſit* and take the Bread, and ſome *adore it*;
Some are too *bold*, and others too too *nice*;
*Fooles act a Sin whilſt they decline a Vice.*

44

*On the name of* IESVS.

IT is the common courſe of man to double
The name of *Ieſus* in the times of Trouble:
The name of *Lord* is not a ſtile to pleaſe us;
*Ieſu's* no Lord with us; if *Lord*, no *Ieſus*.

How

Digitized by Google

45

*On the Woman with the Issue.*

How could thy Soule, fond Woman, be assur'd
Thy long disease could be so eas'ly cur'd?
What? coldst thou think the touch of *cloth* was good
To dry the Fountaine of thy flowing Blood?
Or was't because our blessed Saviour wore it?
Or why? I read not, that thou didst adore it:
He nere so much as ownd thee, Woman: Sure,
Thy *Faith*, and not his *Garments* wrought the Cure.

46

*On our Redemption.*

We were created at a *Word*, a *Breath*;
Redeemed with no lesse then *Blood* & *Death*:
How much a greater labour is it, than,
To *wash* a Sinner, then to *make* a Man!

47

*On Gods Arme.*

'Twas not, that he was *weake*; or thou so *strong*;
He *dy'd* so soone, or that thou *liv'dst* so long:
The headstrong *Oxe* is haled to the slaughter,
When the poore *worm* crawls many a *Summer* after:
When Heav'ns victorious *arme* shal please to strike,
The *Gyant* and the *Pigmey* are alike.



Digitized by Google

48

*On our blessed Saviour.*

O Thou that wert the *King* of heav'n and earth,
How poorely wert thou attended at thy Birth!
A Manger was thy *Cradle*, And a Stable
Thy *Privy-chamber*, *Marye's* knees thy *Table*;
Thieves were thy *Courtiers*, & the Cross, thy *Throne*;
Thy *Dyet*, Gall; A wreath of Thornes, thy *Crowne*:
All this, the King of Glory' endur'd, and more,
To make vs *Kings* that were but *Slaves before*.

49

*On* CORDVPLO.

KEepe in thy *Actions*, and maintaine the *Fences*
Of thy clos'd lipps, *Corduplo*, and thy *Senses*;
Thou shalt deceive both Man and Devill too,
And mayst be damn'd, and yet they never know;
The Devils power of knowledge never delves
Into our hearts, till we proclaime our selves.

50

*On Dreames.*

WHo dreams a *Sin*, & not his dreams forbid it
An entertainment, sins as if he did it;
Which if thy slumbring Soule could not prevent,
Th'art safe, if thou hast dreamd thou didst *repent*.

How

Digitized by Google

51

*On* Adam.

How ſoon, poore *Adam*, was thy *Freedome* loſt!
Forfeit to death ere thou hadſt time to boaſt;
Before thy Triumph, was thy Glory done,
Betwixt a *riſing* and a *ſetting* Sun:
How ſoon that ends, that ſhould have ended never!
Thine eyes nere ſlept, untill they ſlept for ever.

52

*On Sins and Bleſſings.*

We write thy *common Bleſſings*, Lord, upon
A ſliding ſtreame; no ſooner writ, but gon:
Thy more illuſtrious Favors, we entruſt
To the dry Sand, defac'd with ev'ry Guſt:
But, Lord, our Scrowle of *Sins* are written downe
On during Marble, or ſome harder ſtone;
And our extreame miſ-doings are thought good
To be inſcrib'd, like *Draco's Lawes*, in blood:
Lord, let us change our *Tables*, or our *Story*,
And we ſhall have more *Comfort*; Thou more *Glory*.



Digitized by Google

53

*On* CELIA.

*Celia* complaines, her Heart cannot be well;
Nor will not, *Celia*, till it ceaſe to ſwell:
'Tis too-too proud with blood, perverſe and ſtout;
It muſt be launc'd to let the humour out:
Alas no launce can pierce it; It is growne
More hard then *Raunce*, or th' *Adamantine ſtone*:
Then *Celia*, like an *Adamant*, thou muſt
Make the inciſion with her owne made *duſt*.

54

*On* PVSILLVS.

*Pvſillus* can be jocund, never whines
When he is full, but ſtill, in want, repines;
And, like a bad-nos'd hound, that hunts not true,
Hee's at a *Fault*, if not the Game in *view*:
Be well adviſ'd *Puſillus*; Heav'n may chance
To *pipe* no more, if thou give ore to *dance*.

55

*On Beliefe.*

THe Divels doe *beleeve*: I know they doe;
But their *Beliefe* does make them *tremble* too.

*Paſt*

Digitized by Google

57

*On* CRASTINIO.

PAſt *time* is gone; the *Future* is to be;
*Craſtinio*, ſay, which moſt belongs to thee?
The *firſt*, thou further goeſt and further from;
And thou mayſt dye before the *laſt* ſhall come:
The *firſt*, *Craſtinio*'s now growne out of date,
Perchance the *laſt* may come, but come too late:
The *laſt*'s uncertaine, and the *firſt* is gone,
The *preſent* then *Craſtinio*'s thine, or none.

58

*On an Hower-glaſſe.*

MAns life is like an *Hower-glaſſe*, wherein
Each ſeverall *ſand* that paſſes is a Sin;
And when the lateſt *ſand* is ſpent and run;
Our *Sinnes* are finiſht, as our *lives* are done.

59

*On* KAIN.

KAin, 'tis true: It was, and did appeare
A *Puniſhment* too great for thee to beare:
If thou hadſt had a *Faith*, and couldſt have bin
As much oppreſt and loaded with thy *Sin*,
Thy greater patience either might out-worne it,
Or found more able *Shoulders* to have borne it.

*Titio*

Digitized by Google

59

*On* TICIO.

*Ticio* ſtands gaping for the clouded Sun
To be informd how faſt the howers run:
Ah, fooliſh *Ticio*, art thou ſound in minde,
To loſe by *ſeeking* what thou ſeekſt to *finde*.

60

*On* SORTIO.

*Sortio*, that makſt a *Trade* of gaming, know
Thou breakſt two great *cõmand'ments* at a throw:
The *third* thou break'ſt by thy abuſe of *Lott*,
Thou breakſt the *Tenth*, that bids thee *Covet not*:
Now tell me, *Sortio*, whether ſins moſt high,
He that playes *faire*, or he that helps a *Die*?

61

*On* RAYMOND SEBVND.

HOnour to high-brain'd *Raymond*, And no leſſe
To thy renowned Scholler, great *Du Pleſſe*:
Your high attempts obje& to our dull Sight
The God of *Nature*, by dull Natures *Light*:
But what has *Raymond*, and *Du Pleſsis* done?
They've light but two bright *Tapers* to the Sun.

'Tis

Digitized by Google

62

*To* HENRY *Earle of* Holland.

TIs not the *Sun-ſhine* of great *Ceſars* Eye,
Nor our *Opinion* makes thy Honour flye
So faire a *pitch*; Nor need thy Glory claime
Aſſiſtance from thy *Blood*, t'enrich thy Name:
But what it is that mounts thee up ſo high,
The *World* ſhall tell thee, *Henry*, and not I:
Blood gives no *Vertue*; nor Opinion, *Glory*;
And Princely Favors are but *Tranſitory*;
Heav'ns *Act* is mingled with great *Ceſars Eye*:
Heav'n gave thee *wings*, and *Ceſar* bids thee *flye*.

63

*On Drunkards and Idolaters.*

WHich is the greater Sin, and which the leſſe?
Which finds the *ſharper*? which the *milder*
To turne Gods glorious Image to a *Beaſt*, (*Rod*?
Or turne the Image of a Beaſt to *God*?
Thrice happy is that ſoule, and more then thrice,
That buyes no knowledge at ſo deare a price.

64

*On dying.*

HE that would dye once well, muſt often trye;
Practice does bring perfection how to dye:
The Law's our *Tutor*; and the World our *Schoole*,
Wherein w'are taught by *example*, as by *Rule*:



Digitized by Google

The Rod's *Affliction*, which being laid away,
The *Gospell* comes, and begs us leave to *play*.

65

*On Ravens and Lillies.*

ARe not the *Ravens*, great God, sustaind by Thee?
And wilt thou cloth the *Lilyes*, and not me?
I'le nere distrust my God, for *Cloath*, & *Bread*,
Whilst *Lilyes* flourish, and the *Ravens* be fed.

66

*On degrees of Sin.*

CVrses proportion to the *Sins* degree:
*Adam* had *one*; *Eve*, *two*; the Serpent, *three*.

67

*A last Will.*

MY Life's my *dying day*; wherein I, still,
Am making, alter, and correct my *Will*:
My *Soule* I doe bequeath to God, provided,
Some smaller *Legacies* may be divided
Among my Friends: *Item*, my *Sins* I give
To my deare *Iesus*, whether dye or live:
*Item*, I give the World, that did refresh
The tender frailty of my feeble Flesh,
My lesser *Cares*: I doe bequeath moreover,
To my poore body, *home-spun cloth*, to cover
And hide her shame, & *Food* for needfull diet;
Some *Sleepe*, but not immoderate, to quiet
Distem-

Digitized by Google

Distemper'd *Nature*, and in her Vacation,
Some lawfull *Pleasures* for her Recreation;
My *Charity*, to my poore helples brother,
I give; my *Prayres* to the true Church my *Mother*;
Whose watchfull eyes I must defer, still,
To be the *Over-seers* of my *Will*.

68

*On our* IESVS.

HEe's like a *Rock*, which when we strive to shun
We are in danger to be wreckt vpon;
But when our wide-spred Armes seek *Refuge* there,
It will secure us from the *harmes* we feare.

69

*To King* CHARLES.

THe Common-wealth is like an *Instrument*;
The divers sorts of people represent
The *strings*, all diffring in *degrees*, in *places*;
Some *trebles*, and some *Meanes*, and some are *Bases*:
The potent Rulers the *Musitians* are;
The musicke, sometimes *peace*; and somtimes *warre*;
The Lawes are like the *Ruled Bookes* that lye
Before their eyes, and which they practice by:
Play on great *Charles*; Heav'n make thy *strings* as strong,
And true, as thou art skilfull: Ravish long
The worlds wide eares, with thy diviner *Ayres*,
That whosoever to thy Land repayres,
May thence returne amazd, and tell the Story
Of Brittains *Triumph*, in great *Charles* his *Glory*.



Digitized by Google

70

*A Riddle.*

THe Goods we ſpend we *keepe*; and what we ſave,
We *loſe*; and only what we loſe, we *have*.

71

*On* GLORIOSO.

NEre vaunt, *Glorioſo*, that thou oft reliev'ſt
The poore; *Glorioſo*, tis not thine, thou giv'ſt:
Boaſt what's thy own; Thou art the poor mans *Sive*;
Thy wealth was giv'n thee, with a *Clauſe*, to give;
Put caſe it were thy owne thou gav'ſt; what then?
Thy owne *Applauſe* hath paid thy own agen.

72

*On* IVDAS.

TWo *hundred pence*! What's that to thee? But ſay
That ſo much Oyntment had beene caſt away;
The *coyne* that paid for't, *Iudas*, was not thine;
O *Iudas*, that's the cauſe thou didſt *repine*.

73

*On* IMPROPRIATOR.

LOrd, how he ſwells! as if he had, at leaſt,
A *Common-wealth* repoſed in his breſt:
A *Common-wealth*? Twas ſhrewdly gueſt, I tell ye;
He has a Leaſh of *Churches* in his *Belly*.

Pro-

Digitized by Google

74

*On the ſame.*

PRodigious Stomacke! what a cruell deale
It can devoure! whole Churches at a *meale*:
'Tis very ſtrange that Nature ſhould deliver
So good a *Stomacke* to ſo bad a *Liver*.

75

*On* Lvcro.

*Lvcro*, it is beleev'd, thy *Conſcience*, either
Is very *wide*, or made of *ſtretching leather*:
Me thinkes thy *Conſcience* rather ſeemes too ſmall;
So farre from *large*, I feare th'aſt *none at all*.

76

*To* God.

IF thou ſhouldſt ſtrike a blow for every *ſlipp*
That mortalls make, or ſpurre for every *tripp*,
Within a moments ſpace, here would be found
No *place* left free t'inflict an other *wound*:
*Hackneys* and ſpur-gall'd *Iades* would happier be,
And in condition, better farre, then *Wee*.



Digitized by Google

77

*On Sleepe and Death.*

IT is receiv'd, that Sleep's the *elder brother*;
I see no reason for't: I thinke, the other:
Though *Sleepe* does now vsurp the upper hand,
I'm sure that *death* do's sweepe away the *Land*.

78

*To* RHEMVS.

THy Conscience tels thee, that to make debate
Twixt *Prince* and *People*; to subvert a *State*;
To violate a *Truce*; to murther *Kings*
Are lawfull; nay, are *meritorious* things:
Thou hast a *Freedome* more then we, wherein
To doe against thy *Conscience*, and not sin.

79

*On* GLORIOSO.

HE that relieves his brother in distresse,
And seeks no vaine *Applause*, do's nothing lesse
Then lend to his *Redeemer*, laying downe
A worthlesse *Counter*, to take up a *Crowne*:
But if *vain-glory* prompt thy tongue to boast,
It is not *lent*, *Glorioso*; 'Tis but *lost*.



Digitized by Google

80

## *To* GOD.

I Wonder, Lord, thou ſhouldſt ſo much deſire
Our *yonger dayes*, when as the greene-wood fire
Of feeble *Nature* is but newly blowne;
When ev'ry *Roome's* unfurniſht; and not one
Fit for the preſence of ſo great a *Gueſt*;
None trim'd with *Art*; no, not ſo much as dreſt
With *common ſenſe*; when as th' vnburniſht print
Of thy faire *Image*, taken from the Mint
But now, has not the leaſt imbelliſhment
Of heav'nly *knowledge*: Lord, what haſt thou ment,
To make ſuch choyce, to chooſe a time ſo ill,
When we have neither meanes, nor yet a will
To entertaine? Would not our *deeper Age*,
Wherein the *Toyes* of Child-hood, and the *rage*,
The *fire* of luſtfull Youth ſhall be abated,
Wherein our riper Soules ſhall be eſtated
In richer *Knowledge*, and the ſtrength of *Reaſon*;
O might not, might not this bin thought a ſeaſon,
A time more aptly choſen of the twaine,
For thee to come; and us, to entertaine?
No thou, great God, that art our wiſe Creator,
Wert better read in our rebellious Nature:
Thou knewſt the *Bow* of our corrupted will
Stood bent to miſchiefe, would be *drawne* to ill
By every Arme; Thou knewſt that every hower
Gave new encreaſe to ſtrength, and double power
To draw thoſe ſinfull *Shafts* that ſhoot at heaven;
Thou knewſt our eaſie *Nature* would be driven

By

Digitized by Google

By ev'ry Breath, and that our thoughts would fall
From bad to worse; from worse, to worst of all;
Thou knewst that *growing Time* wold more unlevel
Our rugged *Wills*, and took'st the best of evill:
Lord, take it, and betimes; that, being possest
Of that, thou mayst prescribe for all the rest.

81

*On* PARTIO.

THou sayst thy *will* is good, and glory'st in it,
And yet *forget'st* thy Maker ev'ry minit:
Say *Partio*, was there ever *Will* allow'd
When the Testators *mem'ry* was not good?

82

*On an evill Conscience.*

WHat hells of *Horror*, an evill *Conscience* brings!
What strange *Chimera's!* what prodigious
A pregnant *womb* of wonders! Ev'ry minit *(things!*
We Sin; but least, when most we sin agin it.

83

*To* MVNDANO.

NEre thinke, *Mundano*, that one *Roome* will hold
Thy *God*, and all thy *gold*;
If ere they chance to meete within a heart,
They'l either fight, or part;
So long as *Earth* seemes glorious in thine eyes,
Thy thoughts can never rise;
Beleev't

Digitized by Google

Beleev't, *Mundano*, by how much more *neare*
Thou getst to Heav'n, the *lesse* will earth appeare.

84

*To my Friend.*

WOldst thou be prosp'rous, tho the bended *brow*
Of *Fortune* threaten thee? Ile teach thee how:
Call home thy deerest *wishes*, and recall
Thy *hopes*; Expect the worst that can befall:
If come; thy heart will be the more secure,
The lesse amaz'd, and abler to endure:
If it come not, *Expectance* is no losse;
Perchance it armes thee for another *Crosse*:
Thus wisely sheltred under this relieſe,
Thy *Joy* shall be the lesse; and lesse, thy *Griefe*.

85

*To* MALFIDO.

CHeare up *Malfido*, Lay thy thoughts more level;
Make sure of *Grace*, and nere suspect thy *Food*:
He that is *Good*, can give a thing that's evill
No more, then thou, being *evill*, canst wish a good:
He better knowes to give, then thou, to begge;
Thou whin'st for *Stones*, and grumblest at an *Egge*:
O, let his better will suspend thy wish,
And thou shalt find no *Scorpion*; if, no *Fish*.



Digitized by Google

86

*On* CRVCIO.

THou ſtil complainſt that *ſorrowes* do attend thee,
And that their *favours* do ſo much annoy thee:
Miſtake not; They are *weapons*, to defend thee;
They be not *Engins*, *Crucio*, to deſtroy theee:
Wilt thou miſlike thy Cropps of ſwelling *Corne*,
Becauſe th'are trencht, & fenc'd about with *thorne*?

87

*To* RHEMVS.

TIs true; we are but *duſt*; but *wormes*; nay *men*,
That are more baſe then either; And what then?
Shall *wormes*, or *duſt*, or *men* be well adviſ'd,
To goe in *perſon* (where we have deſpis'd)
Before a *God*, a glorious God? I, doe;
Who bids thee *Come*, will bid thee *Welcome* too:
*Rhemus*, when call'd in *perſon*, you appeare
By *Proxy*, tell me where's your manners, there?
'Tis better to be *wiſely bold*, then make
Thy ſelfe unmannerly, for *manners* ſake:
Some ill-bred Clownes there be, that, being loath
To foule a *Napkin*, draw a filthy *Cloath*.

88

*To* MACIO.

DRoop not beneath thy wants, as if forlorne;
Thou muſt be made a *Iewell*, to be worne

Digitized by Google In

In *Abrams bosome: Macio*, he that comes
To *Abrams bosome*, finds his way, by *Crumms*.

89

*On Reproofe.*

TIs not enough to strive agin the *Act*,
Or not to *doe't*; we must reprove the *Fact*
In others too; The *Sin*, being once made knowne
To us, if not reprov'd, becomes *our owne*:
We must *dissuade* the Vice, we scorne to *follow*;
We must *spit out*, as well as never *swallow*.

90

*On* CVRIO.

TWo *Eares* to let in *Knowledge*, Nature gave;
To entertaine true *Faith*, one *heart* we have;
Why so? Ile tell thee *Curio*, in briefe,
Our *knowledge* twice exceeds our *halfe beliefe*.

91

*On* ZELVSTVS.

ZEluſtus thinks, his paines are worth his labour
If he love *God*, though he traduce his *Neighbour*;
His hot-mouth'd *Zeale* false-gallops on so fast
In the *first Table*'t tyers in the *last*:
Art thou a faithfull *Steward* of Gods store,
*Zeluſtus*, that spends *Sixe*, and keepst but *Foure*.



Digitized by Google

92

*On* PHILAVTOS.

*Philauto's* Charity is like a *Mouſe*
That keepes at *home*, and never leaves the houſe,
Till it be fir'd: It ſtirres for no mans cauſe,
Vnleſſe to feed on *Crummes* of vaine Applauſe:
Take heed, *Philautos*, leſt thou heed too late;
The *Mouſe*, in time, will eate up thy *Eſtate*.

93

*On* DVBIVS.

*Dvbius*, Thy eares are *two*; Thy tongue but *one*;
*Heare* God and Prieſt; *Confeſſe* to God alone.

94

*To Sir* IVLIVS CESAR, *Maſter of the Rolles.*

THe high *Perfections*, wherwith heav'n do's pleaſe
To crowne our tranſitory dayes, are theſe;
*Goods* well poſſeſt, and not poſſeſſing thee:
A faithfull *Friend*; equall in love, degree:
*Lands* fruitfull, and not conſcious of a *Curſe*:
A boaſtleſſe *hand*; a Charitable *purſe*:
A ſmiling *Conſcience*; A contented *Mind*;
A ſober *knowledge*, with true *Wiſedome*, joynd;
A *Breſt*, well temper'd; *Dyet*, without Art,
Surfeit, or want; A wiſely-ſimple *Heart*;

*Paſtimes*

Digitized by Google

*Paſtimes* ingenious, lawfull, manly, ſparing;
A *Spirit* not contentious, raſh, but daring:
A *Body* healthfull, ſound, and fit for labour;
A *Houſe* well order'd; and an equall *Neighbour*:
A prudent *wife*, and conſtant to the rooſe;
Sober, but yet not ſad, and faire enough;
*Sleepe* ſeaſonable, moderate, and ſecure;
*Actions* heroicke, conſtant, blameleſſe, pure;
A *Life*, as long as faire; and when expir'd,
A glorious *Death*, unfear'd, as undeſir'd.

95

## On Lvcro.

*Lvcro*, how poor thy *Tyrant-wealth* has made thee!
How miſerable poore! It has betrayd thee
To thy owne ſeeming ſelfe; And it is growne
As little, thine, or leſſe then thou, thy owne:
Alas, poore *Lucro*, how thy fruitfull pawnes
Abuſe thy Stomacke, that ſo often yawnes
For a good Morſell, whilſt thy *Saint* does rome,
Like a *Decoy*, t'entice evill *Angels* home,
Whoſe more imperious preſence muſt controule
And fright the peace of thy perplexed Soule!
*Lucro*, be ſlave no longer to thy Pelfe;
Subdue thy Gold, and make thy ſelfe, thy ſelfe:
But if thy *Saint* be growne too ſtrong for thee,
Ile tell thee *Lucro*; Turne thy *Saint* to me.



Digitized by Google

96

## On MENDAX.

FAire-ſpoken *Mendax*, on the leaſt occaſion,
Sweares by his *Faith*, and by his owne *Salvation*;
Is raſh-brayne *Mendax*, well adviſed, then,
To pawne his Faith in *God*, for Faith with *Men*?
Sure, ſmall's thy Wit or Credit, to be drawne
For *Wares* ſo poore, to leave ſo great a *Pawne*.

97

## *On* BLANDVS.

WHen ere I wiſh my *Blandus* a Good morrow,
He is my *Servant*: If I come to borrow,
Or but ſalute my *Blandus* paſſing by,
I am your *Servant*, *Blandus* does reply:
If court my *Blandus*, I muſt underſtand,
He is my *Servant*, and does kiſſe my hand:
Diſcourſe with *Blandus*, ev'ry Clauſe ſhall be
I am your *Servant*: If he drinke to mee
My *Servant* does it; I returne his Love,
My *Servant* pledges: If my lips doe move
A Suit, he is my *Servant*; Though I doe
Abuſe my *Blandus*, hee's my *Servant* too:
How bleſt am I, his ſervice ſhould be ſuch
To me! He never told his God ſo much:
How much, dear *Blandus*, haſt thou bound me thine,
That art his *Servant*, not ſo much, as mine!

The

Digitized by Google

98

*On Rebellio.*

THe ſtout *Rebellio*, ſcourged by his God,
Slights his Correction, and nere owns the Rod;
Take heed, *Rebellio*; Be not ſtout too long;
Neglected *Stripes* doe oft returne more ſtrong;
A ſtubborne *Silence* more ill nature ſhowes,
Then *Sobbs* of Stomack, and deſerves more blowes.

99

*On God and Gold.*

MY *God* and *Gold* cannot poſſeſſe one heart:
My *God* and I; or *Gold* and I muſt part.

100

*To* IAMES *Archbiſhop of Armagh.*

REnowned *Prelate*, I nor know nor care
What ſecret vertue's in Saint *Patricks Chayre*;
If any; I dare boldly ſay, 'tis more
Since thou ſat'ſt there, then ere it was before:
Goe on, great *Patriarck*; If thy higher Story
(As ſure it will) ſhall drowne S. *Patricks Glory*:
*Iberia* will, (as now *Iberia* vaunts)
Be knowne, as well as cal'd, *The Iſle of Saints.*

There

Digitized by Google

101

*On a waking Conſcience.*

THere is a kind of *Conſcience* ſome men keepe,
Is like a Member that's benumb'd with ſleepe;
Which, as it gathers Blood, and wakes agen,
It *ſhoots*, and *pricks*, and *feeles* as bigg as *ten*.

102

*On our Affections.*

O How prepoſtrous our *Affections* burne!
We *ſerve* the world; *love* God, to ſerve our turn.

103

*On* ZELVSTVS.

*Zeluſtus* weares his cloathes, as he were clod
To frighten *Crowes*, and not to ſerve his *God*;
As if the Symptomes of *Regeneration*
Were nothing but a Chriſtian *out of Faſhion*.

104

*On* REBELLIO.

WHat? ever whining? Evermore alike, (ſtrike?
Both when *heav'n* ſtrikes & when he leaves to
Not ſtroke thy ſtomacke downe, when as thy God
Is friends with thee, and throwne aſide the Rod?
Take heed, *Rebellio*, heaven doe not replye
Vpon thy *Sobbs*, and hee that made thee crye

Digitized by Google For

For thy owne Good, reward not thy repining
With a new *Rod*, & ſcourge thee worſe for *whining*.

105

*On* ZELVSTVS.

NOt thy *Geneva Ruffe*, nor ſteeple *Hat*
With flagging *Eaves*, or *Cepreſſe* out of date;
Thy nock-ſhorn *Cloake*, with a round narrow Cape;
Thy *Ruſſet boſe* croſſe-garterd with a *Tape*;
Thy Antick *Habit*, of the old Tranſlation,
Made for the purpoſe in deſpight of *Faſhion*;
Tis none of theſe, *Zeluſtus*, that can bring
Thy Zeale in credit; none of theſe can wring
The leaſt applauſe from heav'n: Heav'n never ment
A Chriſtians *Conſcience* ſhould be bound or bent
To *ſhapes*; *Zeluſtus*, we can ſcarce divide
An *Affectation* from a ſecret *Pride*.

106

*On* CONSCIO.

ART thou revil'd, and ſlandred? and yet whine?
I feare th'art guilty: Is that heart of thine
So faint (if guiltles) that it cannot ſtoope
Beneath ſo poore a *Burthen*, and not droope?
He that has fire at home may well refraine
To blow his fingers, *Conſcio*, or complaine
The weather's cold abroad: Make ſure within,
And let them cenſure, let them ſnarle agin:
Thou mayſt *appeare*, but not *be* this, the worſe;
If *Conſcience* bleſſe thee, Doe, let *Shemei* curſe.



Digitized by Google

107

*To* GOD.

THy ſacred *will* be done, great God,
To ſpend, or to ſuſpend thy *Rod:*
If poſſible, my will's to miſſe it;
If otherwiſe, to ſtoope, and *kiſſe it.*

108

*On Devotion.*

WE muſt not only *be* to God, but *ſhow*
To Man; *Pauls Cloak* muſt be remebred too.

109.

*On the Chriſtian.*

TIs not enough that the *Kings Daughter* ſhould
Be *faire* within; She muſt be clad in *Gold*;
The curious *Needle* cloathes her whiter skin;
Shee's rich *without*, and glorious all *within:*
The true borne *Chriſtian*, muſt, as well, be clod
With *lives* to men, as lin'd with *hearts* to God.

110

*On Mercy and Iuſtice.*

GOds *Mercy* and his *Iuſtice* is the ſame;
Tis but the *Object* that divides the Name.

Before

Digitized by Google

111

## *On* Avlicvs.

BEfore that *Aulicus* was made a Lord,
He was my Friend; we might exchange a word,
As well as hearts; He could be never weary
Of my ſociety; was jocund, merry;
Ingenious, and as jealous to offend;
He was enjoyd; He could enjoy his friend:
But now he ſwells, looks bigg; his Favours change,
As well as Fortunes: Now his eyes are ſtrange:
His thoughts are *Councels*, curious *webs* of State;
And all his Actions muſt be wonder'd at;
His Speeches muſt be *Lawes*, and every word
An *Oracle*, to be admir'd, ador'd:
Frendſhip muſt now be *ſervice*; A new mold
Muſt have new *Matter*, melted from the old:
O *Aulicus*, 'twere well, if, thou couldſt doe
The very ſame in *ſpirituall honour* too.

112

## *To* Rhemvs.

FAith muſt be joynd to *works*: *Rhemus*, I wonder,
What God has joyn'd, thou dar'ſt preſume to ſunder!



Digitized by Google

113

*On* TORTVS.

TIs not the bearing of the *Croſſe*, or *Cup*
Of thy Affliction; Thou muſt take them up:
Nor iſt the taking up, alone, will doe;
*Tortus*, thou muſt *take up*, and *follow* too.

114

*On* GRACCHVS.

G*Racchus* ſo often did repeat a *Lye*,
Paſt on, with Credit, from his very youth,
That now his Conſcience has forborne to crye
Againſt it, and perſwades him 'tis a *Truth*:
Tis well for *Gracchus*; He has gaind thereby;
He now may tell the ſame, and never lye.

115

*On* PHARES.

THou ſayſt, it is a *Supper*, and is fit
To uſe the *Poſture* of a *Meale*, to ſit:
Can thy Diſcretion, *Phares*, or thy Zeale
Give *carnall Geſtures* to a *ſpirituall Meale*?
A heav'nly *Supper* and a fleſhly *Heart*?
Thy *Poſture* has diſcover'd *what thou art*.



Digitized by Google

116

*On the same.*

YOu'l take it *sitting*: Pray; and no man know it;
You'l doe, and yet you will not seeme to doe it:
You'l bow your *Heart*, although you bend no *Knee*;
Tis like your *Selfe*; You seeme, not what you bee.

117

*To my* BOOKE.

SO; Now tis time to *waine* thee from my b[illegible];
Thy *Teeth* grow sharp, *my Babe*; It will be
For both: Thy hasty *Nurse* is come to take thee
Frō my fond *arms*: Nere whimper; he wil make thee
*A dainty golden Coate*: Let it suffice thee,
Thou art mine stil: howere; Thy *Nurse* wil *prize* thee
For his own sake and thine: When thou art strong,
And sure of foot, hee'l let thee sport among
Thy *fellow children*; He will let thee see
The *World*, which thou hadst never seene, with me:
Thou mayst doe well; if *Fortune* strike thee lucke,
And faire *Opinion*; Thou didst never sucke
But one *good Friday*, and thou mayst improove
As well in *Merit*, as in pop'ular *love*:
Thou hast *fixe Brethren* (borne as well as thee
Of a free *Muse*) legitimate and free;
*Pages* to *Cesar*, and in *Cesars* Court,
Besides an *Ishmael*, that attends the Port
Of a great *Lord*, an Honourable *Peere*
Of this blest *Realme*: If ere thou wander, there,



Digitized by Google

They'l bid thee welcome, at their ...es of leasure,
Perchance, and bring thee to the hand of *Ces*
Thou art but young, and tender, (for who knowes
The *paths* of Fate?) perhaps, and one of those
Whom *Clotho* favors not; perchance, thy *Twin*
May be produc'd (for thou art halfe *divine*)
To after Ages, to the utmost date
Of Time; who knowes? but we subscribe to *F*
Perchance, thy Fortune's to be *bought and sold*,
Was not young *Ioseph* serv'd the like of old?
Thy Bondage may, like his, be made, perchance,
A *steppe to Honour*, and a meanes t'advance
Thy higher Fortunes, and prepare thy *hand*
... case a *dearth*, if *dearth* should strike the Land:
But I transgresse, *my Babe*; 'Tis time to part;
The *Lawes* of Nature breake the *Rules* of Art;
Once more farewel: Let *Heav'ns* high blessings shine
On my *poore Babe*, as my *poore Babe* has mine.

10 .P 66

The end of the fourth and last *Booke*.



Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google